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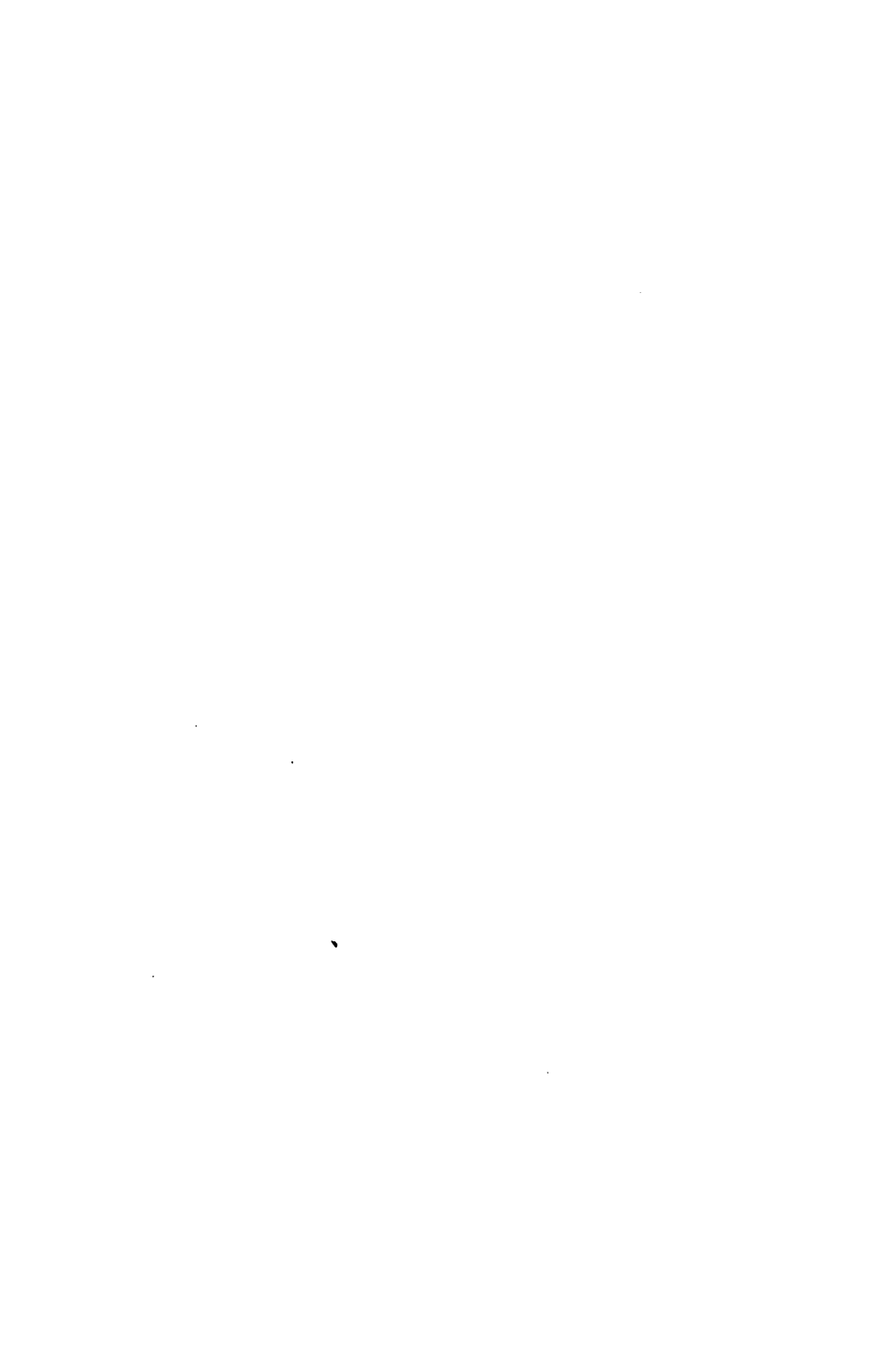
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Ramon, the rover of Cuba, and other tale









RAMON THE ROVER.

RAMON,
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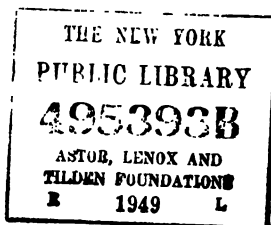
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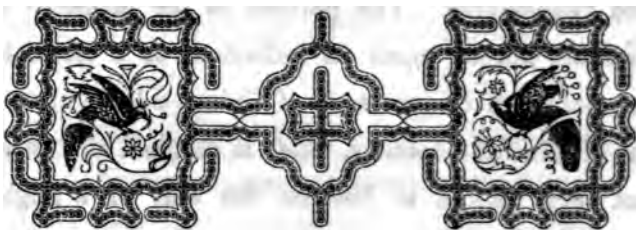
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PREFACE.

THESE "Chronicles" were written in the author's younger days, when he was on, or had just returned from his travels in the "Far South," before he had turned his attention to the graver matters of history.

With respect to the personal narrative of Ramon, the Rover of Cuba, no merit is claimed beyond that of a faithful translator. Any reader may perceive that Ramon's pictures are drawn from the life; and those who have resided in the "ever loyal island" will have no difficulty in recognising many of the characters and scenes which present themselves in the course of his remarkable narrative.

The "Montero of Cuba," was written while the author was residing at the estate of a friend near Matanzas, in the year of Grace eighteen hundred

and twenty-nine. The portrait of the Montero represents not so much an individual as a class, the mountaineers or yeomanry of Cuba—a large class of the citizens of a country, which is destined at a period not very remote to become the seat of a mighty nation.

“The Brazilian” is an historical tale founded on facts. Many Americans of the North, who were residing at Rio and Monte Video at the time when the events narrated in this tale took place, will distinctly remember the sensation which they occasioned at the time. Connected as these events are with the assertion of national independence by the Brazilians, they will, perhaps, be deemed worthy the notice of those who value the historical tale more highly than the mere creations of fancy.

The author submits the collection with humble deference to the judgment of an impartial public.



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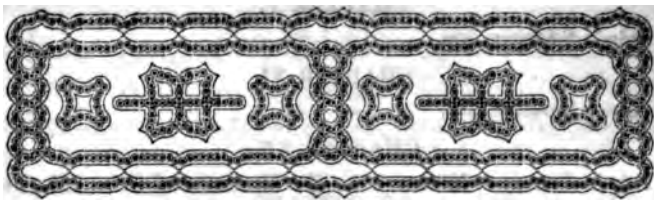
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## INTRODUCTION.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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NOT many months ago I was residing in the city of Havana. I had hired a couple of neat rooms, nearly opposite the residence of the Count of Fernandina, and my landlady, an old, withered, French creole, who spoke a little English, used to send me up my cup of *café au lait* in the morning. I took dinner generally at the ordinary of the Fonda de Madrid, a very tolerable Spanish coffee-house, and in the evening I used to get a very good cup of chocolate and a roll, at the public reading-room, near the Plaza de Armas.

This is the most comfortable way of living in Havana, and as such I would recommend it to other travellers. I was an invalid, but could walk, ride, eat, drink, &c., almost as well as other people. I had some mercantile concerns to attend to; but these were of such a nature as to leave me almost entirely at leisure, and this leisure I improved by looking about me and observing the manners, customs, and habits of the Hava-

neros. The result of my observations I mean to reserve for a magnificent quarto of TRAVELS, with plates, maps, plans, elevations, et cetera, which I intend to *give the world*, as the phrase is, at no very distant day. My present purpose is inform the public, how I became possessed of the original Spanish manuscript, of which the following is a free translation; and to communicate briefly what I saw of the interesting but abandoned individual to whom it relates.

I was standing one afternoon under the balcony of the Casa de Gobierno, or Government House, the residence of Governor Vives, observing a review of a regiment of troops drawn up in the Plaza de Armas, a beautiful public square, of which the Government House bounds one side. The troops were in beautiful order; their uniforms without a speck of dust; their arms like polished silver; the band of fifty performers played the finest Italian music, while the review went on; and the space allotted to the parterre of flowers and shrubs in the centre of the square was crowded with spectators. The soldiers were drawn up on three sides of this parterre; and the remaining side, namely, the before-mentioned space beneath the balcony of the Government House, was filled as usual with stalls for the sale of fancy goods, canes, opera-glasses, plays, and fruits, and with a lounging crowd of merchants, civil officers, foreigners, &c.

After moving about for some time among this motley group, I had reclined against a pillar, and was looking on the military pageant, when my attention was attracted by the figure of a man who stood before me, a little

to the right, and who also seemed to be absorbed in attention to the spectacle before us. There was something striking about him; something that indicated character and decision. His figure was tall and commanding. He stood with his arms folded on his breast; his brows knit, and his eyes directed straight forward; except when he occasionally turned his head aside and cast a bold glance on those about him. He was dressed genteelly, but I observed that his hands were toil-worn, and his countenance almost blackened with exposure to the tropical sun. His features were strikingly regular and beautiful; the straight nose, the proudly curling lip, the expanded brow, the large black eye and clustering raven locks, were there; and when he smiled, (for I saw him smile once,) there was something peculiarly winning and fascinating in his countenance.

But I also saw him frown; and I shall never forget his expression at that moment. It was when an officer of the American navy passed before him. He gave him a look, that, if looks could blast, would have struck him to the earth, it was so piercing, so withering, so utterly malignant.

"Who can this strange mortal be?" thought I. A flourish of trumpets and the filing off of a company of soldiers to the left attracted my attention towards them; and when I turned again, he was gone.

I was walking on the evening of the same day in the Alameda, a beautiful public walk, of great extent, outside of the city walls, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and adorned with fountains. The side-walks were crowded with gay companies of citizens, in their



holiday dresses, and the carriage-way was filled with coaches and volantes, laden with the beauty and fashion of Havana. This gay pageant moved along with a measured step; and bands of music, stationed at intervals on the gayly lighted grounds, enlivened the scene. All was mirth and hilarity. I trod the side walk with a light step, when suddenly the figure of the same mysterious stranger I had seen in the Plaza de Armas strode by me. There was nothing of the careless, joyous air of those around him, in his demeanour; but the same fixed look, the same abstracted manner which I had observed before. He looked over the heads of the crowd, as if contemplating some air-drawn dagger, and kept straight forward in his course, regardless of the bright glances and smiles, which others were so eager to catch from the beauties passing and repassing in their carriages, and equally regardless of the occasional maledictions, which he received from those he jostled in his way.

Stimulated by an indefinable curiosity and interest, I followed him. We passed nearly the whole length of the Alameda at a steady sort of march, quite unlike the easy West Indian lounge which suited the place and the scene. He exchanged no salutations with those who met us, and appeared to recognise no friend in the company: he seemed a stranger there, though his dress and countenance were native to the soil. Twice or thrice I saw persons draw aside—almost recoil from him as he passed.

“It is his strange air that occasions this,” thought I. A poor, decrepit old negro had stolen his way into

the walk, and sat by the side of a fountain, begging. His beseeching look attracted the stranger's attention. He stopped and surveyed the pitiful object, covered with sores, and emaciated with famine or sickness.

"Poor negro," said he, in Spanish, giving him some gold, "with your race, at least, I have no quarrel."

It was the first time I had heard him speak, and his tones startled me. They were the under-tones of a very powerful voice, not loud but deep, muttered to himself, unconscious of a hearer. I could not help wishing to hear that voice utter a battle-cry, amidst the thunders of artillery; or rise above the tumultuous roarings of a storm at sea.

As he turned away from the beggar, he, for the first time, observed me, but without heeding my steady gaze, he passed forward, and was soon lost among the crowd.

I stood rooted to the ground. "Is he at war with all mankind but the degraded Africans?" said I to myself. I wished that I knew more, or had seen less of this man. My curiosity was strongly excited. I had not chosen to excite suspicion, in my turn, by following him further at that time; but I was now fully resolved to know more of him.

I accordingly frequented every place of public resort—the theatre, the quay, the exchange, the Plaza de Toros, or amphitheatre for bull-fights, and the balls which are given in the public gambling-houses, and are frequented by the rich and respectable, as well as by sharpers and fortune-hunters.

Still my search was in vain. A whole month

passed without my seeing him again. My business in Havana was completed. I delayed my departure a week, in hopes of meeting the stranger, and in the long interval of suspense and impatience had nearly wrought myself into a determination to seek his confidence, and ask for the hidden cause of his abstraction and seeming mystery. A most Quixotic notion, truly; for a Spaniard, or the descendant of a Spaniard, courteous and generous though he be, is always secret—impenetrable alike to blandishments and threats. If you would avoid his resentment, touch not his honour; meddle not with his secrets. The poorest Montero of Cuba, or the common sailor of a Spanish man-of-war has a sense of honour, which he is ever ready to vindicate with his blood; and his first maxim in the intercourse of life is—“*Hush!*”

My passage was engaged in a brig bound to New York, and she was to sail on the morrow. In the dusk of evening I had strolled into the Cathedral Square, and, seeing the doors of the cathedral open, I entered. The place is suited to contemplation. It is a spot of high and heroic recollection; for here rest the ashes of Columbus. Behind a marble hatchment, adorned with an alto-relievo bust of the illustrious Genoese, are deposited his mortal remains; and the splendid altar of white marble of Carrara, which has recently been raised a few feet from it, will be less attractive to the stranger, than this simple monument of a truly great man.

As I turned from reading the Spanish inscription beneath the bust of Columbus, I heard a deep sigh,

almost a groan, from a neighbouring confessional. I started; for I had supposed myself alone in the place of devotion. After looking steadily for a few minutes, I observed a priest retiring from the confessional; and at the same moment there rose from an attitude of the deepest humiliation, in which he had been confessing his sins to the priest, and hoping to reconcile himself with Heaven—the mysterious stranger.

His proud look and haughty step were gone. He seemed bowed down with the sense of sin; but his Herculean form and the striking contour of his head identified him. As he was hurrying past without observing me, he drew his hand from his bosom and let fall something; but in the agitation of his mind the loss was unnoticed. In another moment he was past the threshold of the cathedral.

I followed him, and found upon the floor the article he had dropped. It was a manuscript in the Spanish language, neatly sewed together like a pamphlet, but without a title. I had no time to examine further. My first impulse, of course, was to restore it; and I hurried out of the church in hopes of overtaking him. But he had disappeared from the street; the evening was advancing; and it was impossible to tell which way he had gone.

On second thoughts, I put the manuscript in my pocket, supposing that possibly it might satisfy my curiosity concerning the person who had lost it. "If it should," I said to myself, "it will be indeed a treasure."

I called to take leave of some friends in the city, and stayed till a late hour in the evening; went on board

weary and nervous; crept into my berth, after depositing my new-found treasure in the inmost recess of my portable desk; fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw the stranger menacing me with a dagger, and demanding his manuscript.

I woke and heard the mate announcing the hour, four o'clock; then slept soundly till nine o'clock next morning, when we were fairly past the Morro Castle. All the bustle of weighing anchor, hoisting sails, and answering the challenges of the guard-ship had failed to disturb my slumbers.

I now drew forth my treasure, and began to peruse it. Reader, imagine my delight. As I proceeded, I found that it was nothing less interesting than the personal narrative of the far-famed RAMON, THE PIRATE OF CUBA, whose very name has long been a terror throughout the Western Archipelago; a scourge to the commerce of all nations; but the special enemy of my own countrymen—a monster, if I might believe the report of my captain, who had once received a sound drubbing from him for not discovering where he had hidden certain boxes of doubloons—and “quite a gentleman,” according to the report of certain ladies I had seen in New Orleans, who declared that he spared their watches, when he boarded the ship in which they were passengers, and very chivalrously told them that he did not make war with the ladies.

Indeed, one of these same ladies, who was verging on I do not know what age, but who was certainly out of her teens, and a little imbued with the spirit of romance, really seemed to have taken quite a fancy

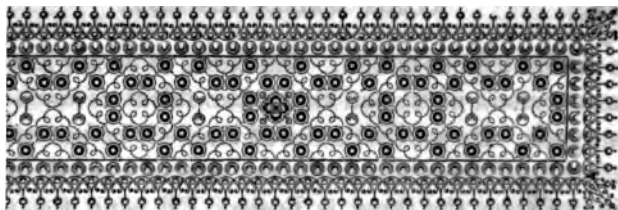
o this renowned Ramon. If she should happen to meet with the following translation of his narrative, she will see that there was a dash of heroism, mingled with touches of humanity and true gallantry about the man, which would furnish quite a handsome apology for a lady's admiration.

On my voyage to New York I translated the pirate's narrative, and have taken the liberty to add a few notes, where my own acquaintance with the customs or productions of Cuba has enabled me to explain passages, which might otherwise be unintelligible to the general reader.

With the sentiments, principles, and opinions of this famous outlaw, I felt that I had nothing to do, but to present them faithfully to the reader as I found them in the original. I was not very well qualified for the office of a commentator on such matters. I should hardly have done Ramon justice, had I attempted it; for, to tell the truth, I was once within an ace of having my own throat cut, as I was sailing on the north coast of Cuba, and I have something more than a suspicion, that my sentiments with respect to those worthy gentlemen, the pirates, are not the most liberal. By their deeds let them be judged. The reader may admire or abhor them, just as he pleases. *Chacun a ses lunettes.*







## RAMON: THE ROVER OF CUBA.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE CAVERN.—EARLY LIFE OF DON RAMON.



**T**HIS villanous wound! Grant me patience, Heaven! To think of it! A man of my mettle to be cooped up in this vile cavern, unable to move; and with only an old Creole woman to take care of me, while my crew are gloriously chastising the enemy. And then the cause of all my trouble! If I had had my leg broken by a cannon-ball, or a grape-shot, I could have it with some show of philosophy; but to be d over a precipice by a restive mule; hauled out among the rocks by a runaway negro; and when ew came up, and lodged me safe in our secret a, that they should be obliged to abandon me they went off on a capital enterprise,—O, it is uch!

ta Maria! What shall I do with myself now, for



a whole tedious month. Old Rosa, to do her justice, is an excellent nurse, and knows two-thirds as much as our surgeon. He set the fractured limb—if he has not done it well—if there should be the sign of a crook or twist in it, when the thing is healed, I'll hang the scoundrel at the yard-arm.

But old Rosa will take care of it. She is the phoenix of nurses. The cavern is well stored, too, and I might make myself comfortable, if I only had something to do. I have it! Rosa! bring here that small writing concern; that something between a portfolio and a writing-desk, which was presented me, albeit rather against his will, by the German captain, last cruise.

That is the thing. There! I am obliged to sit bolt upright in bed, you know; and here, good Rosa, I will amuse myself with writing. Hang that great argand lamp right over the bed. There! that will do. There; go, Rosa. Prepare me some sago. Put in some of that old sherry that came out of the Philadelphia brig. Stop, hand me a supply of those cigars. The Dos Amigos box, you wretch! Do you think I would smoke Flint's cigars,—cigars made by a Yankee? Ah! these are the sort. That is a beautiful old Rose. There, go!

Now I'll write my own life. Just for the whim of the thing, I'll write a history of my cruises. Cæsar wrote his commentaries. Bonaparte began something of the kind, and why should not I? I, I, the *unlicensed* warrior. They braved death: but I have braved infamy. And I will brave it again. My vengeance is but half-finished; for half my deeds are unknown.

The world shall know how much mischief I have done. Sooner or later they shall hear of me the whole story. I will finish this narrative up to the present time, while I am confined with this rascally wound. I will keep these papers always about my person, and continue the story till I retire from active life, and commence the world as a private citizen, a quiet member of society, which I intend to do in three or four years. Then I will deposit the papers with my confessor in Havana, to be published when I shall have been dead ten years.\*

Now for it.

I was born in the eternally faithful island of Cuba, where the governor's proclamations call it; not a thousand miles from Havana, and my name is Ramon——. No! I will not tell the whole of my name. The name which the holy church gave me at my baptism, may be known. It is that which I am known by among my comrades, and my enemies. Ramon! It has been the war-cry in many a bloody contest. But that revered name which a monarch of Spain conferred, with a fair title, and an illustrious ancestor of mine, shall never ring through the world as the name of a pirate. That secret at least shall go down to the grave with me.

But the time will fail me if I digress from the straight line of my narrative. My father was the younger son of a nobleman. He owned a fair sugar estate, which yielded about fifty thousand dollars yearly. He had two sons, of whom I am the younger.

\* Ramon is likely to give the world his adventures rather sooner than he had expected.—Tr.

It is through the early care which my father bestowed on our education that I am now able to speak the English and French languages as well as my vernacular Spanish; and that we were both tolerably well versed in polite literature and the sciences at the age of twenty-one.

I had a fondness for the lighter accomplishments, and learned to play on the guitar, to sing, to fence, to waltz, and make verses; and, what has been of vastly more service to me, I early acquired a taste for botany, which by taking me on long excursions about the island, on horseback and on foot, in the rainy and in the dry season, has given me a power of endurance and a physical hardihood which belongs to few men of my age.

I was on one of these excursions, on foot, and but a few leagues from my father's estate, when, in climbing after a parasite plant which was growing on a branch of cedar that hung over a river, I had the misfortune to break the bough and fall headlong into the stream.

The noise and splashing occasioned by my fall brought a party of revellers, who were whiling away the dry season in that neighbourhood, to my assistance, and I was speedily pulled out, dripping and badly bruised, for the water was shallow and the bottom rocky.

I was carried to the \*rancho of Don—I had al-

\* It is a very common practice for planters and gentlemen of Cuba, to take their families to the vicinity of some chalybeate spring, or, if none near, to the banks of a river, for the convenience of bathing, through the dry season. Here they build a rude hut, called a *rancho*, and spend their time in a round of amusements. There are usually twenty or thirty families

written his name,—a friend of my father; and  
I had completely recovered my senses, I was  
laid upon a bed and surrounded by anxious  
nurses administering a hundred different remedies for  
my hurts.

The first thing I recollect after my fall is the feeling  
of a soft hand, chafing my temples. I opened my eyes.  
A lovely, heavenly countenance was beaming  
and tenderness upon me! I shall never forget its  
impression. O! that I could forget it. Death and  
forgetfulness! But I must be calm, and stifle sad  
remembrances.

She was the daughter of my father's friend. She  
helped me herself, till I was able to walk. She  
recently returned from the United States, where  
she was educated, and I had never seen her since our  
separation. I loved her. She returned my passion.  
She obtained the consent of our parents to our union; and  
she asked for answer that they had long before agreed  
that she should marry my brother.

When I knew that my fate was sealed. For although  
I loved that brother, and had never done him wrong,  
he was my inflexible and determined enemy. Why, I  
knew not. But it was so. He never spoke me fair,  
but treated me with brotherly affection.

Many and many were the slights and taunts I had  
received from him; many the ill offices he had done  
to me with my father. I knew full well that he would  
assert his right to the fair Juanita, were it only to

be married in one spot; and the more celebrated watering-places are  
frequent with visitors of this sort.—T.

thwart and madden me ; and I knew moreover my father never revoked his word of honour. I would have married either of us to the witch of E if his word had once been passed to do so.

With such persons, it would have been vain to our innocent attachment. There was but one left for us, and that was instant flight. A three horse ride would bring us to Havana, and we might en for some foreign country. I had arrived at the twenty-one, the week before ; and had received a cy of a thousand doubloons from my grandmother which was in the hands of a trusty banker in the United States. With this sum we might live in a quiet way, in the United States. " Could we but escape, how I we might be."

These were the very words I whispered in Juan's ear, that same evening, after I had received the clear answer from my father. For I was still permitted to see her ; and my brother, secure in his *right, his forsooth*, had scarcely deigned to trouble himself about the affair ; supposing, as a matter of course I, who had always yielded to him, and had only distinguished hitherto by my readiness to give up anything which his happiness required, should of course step aside and withdraw my pretensions the moment he was apprized how matters stood.

He did not know me. None of them had properly estimated my calibre. Because I was a kind-hearted generous youth, they supposed that I had none of the old Castilian blood in me. Because I had denied myself for others' good, had given up what properly

ained to me, some hundred times, to satisfy my rother's whims, they thought that I would look tame-  
y on, and see her happiness blasted, who was a million  
imes dearer to me than the light—the blessed air—  
fe itself.

But they reckoned without their host. Juanita  
ated my brother for his repeated injuries of me. I  
new it, and sooner than give her up to drag out a  
wretched existence with him, I would have immolated  
er, dear as she was to me.

For three days I remained at home, lounging about  
the estate, and gathering plants as usual, to avoid all  
suspicion of my intentions. But during this time, I  
took care to apprize Juanita of my intended flight, and  
concert the manner of it, at an evening interview,  
when we stole into the plantain walk, while the rest  
of the family were promenading in the garden.

On the evening of the third day, I carelessly re-  
marked to my father, that I intended to go on a bota-  
lizing excursion the next morning, and should take  
with me a servant, and two horses, as was frequently  
my custom. This was to prevent suspicion at my ab-  
sence. He only replied, "Very well!"

My brother was present, and I thought I saw a half  
mile on his lip, and a "lurking devil in his eye," as I  
mentioned my intention. But it gave me no uneasiness  
t the moment.

I retired to my bed early; rose quietly at midnight,  
nd, attended by a faithful slave, proceeded on horseback  
a neighbouring estate, where Juanita was visiting.  
met her in a citron grove at some distance from the

house. She was attended by a single slave, and was mounted on her own favourite mule.

Her part of the plot had been less bunglingly performed than mine. For she had left the house where she had been visiting, at ten o'clock, to ride home, and had returned to the citron grove, not far from this house, by a circuitous route, and waited for my arrival. No one, but the slave who attended her, knew her secret. The people whom she had been visiting, supposed that she had gone home; and her parents supposed that her visit was to last a week longer.

We set off on the direct road to Havana. That was a capital error, as the event proved.

The moon shone brightly; the evening breeze was cool and refreshing; the songs of the muleteers whom we passed on the road, rose cheerily as we cantered along; and my Juanita's jetty curls glittered in the moonlight as she gayly turned and nodded to me, to give assurance that she was nothing daunted at the perilous nature of our undertaking.

We had ridden two hours. "One hour more, dearest Juanita, and we shall be safe. I can baffle the keenest pursuit, when we are once arrived in the city."

The words were scarcely uttered, when the hard trampling of horses came upon our ears. We hurried on. The sound drew nearer. We approached a narrow road turning directly into the woods on our left, and hurried into this dark avenue for concealment.

We were too late. Before we had advanced fifty rods on this road, they were upon us—my brother and a dozen armed ruffians. I knew not who the

were. I never saw them before. When they were close upon us, we turned about and faced them. My first salutation was the heavy stroke of a machete,\* which I warded off; at the same time wounding the ruffian who aimed it at my head.

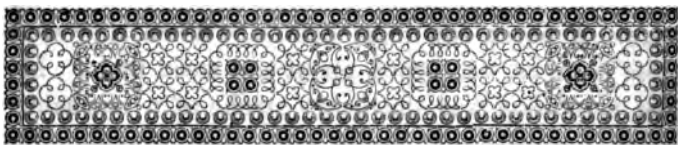
Next came a pistol shot. My faithful slave—too faithful Pedro!—struck away the weapon which was pointed at my breast. It went off and missed me; but a shriek from behind me, gave assurance that it had taken effect in a dearer, softer bosom. O! what a heart have I, that I can sit here, even fifteen years afterwards, and write these things!

I turned my head and saw Juanita fall from her horse. From that moment, I became frantic; and dealt about my thrusts, without caring who might receive them, until a heavy blow on the head, tumbled me from my horse, and laid me senseless on the ground.

\* A long, straight sword, universally worn by the country people, or *Monteros*, of Cuba.—*Tr.*







## CHAPTER II.

### ADVERSITY.—THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



**T**HE recollection of these events agitates and wearies me. It shakes my whole frame, and increases the irritation of my wound. But I have begun ; and I seldom turn back from an enterprise, however laborious or painful. To fight, to seek new adventures in the teeth of peril, is nothing to me compared with that most excruciating act—*to remember*. The shriek of Juanita—that last death-cry,—rings at this moment in my ears! O that I could forget it. I have sought to drown the remembrance of those early passages of my life which I have been narrating, in the sounds of battle, and to forget myself—the past—every thing, in a life of action and adventure. But I cannot still the voice within me. I cannot banish the heavenly face of her I loved from my dreams. O! how much more painful is the sense of happiness lost, than that of present suffering. This rouses up the spirit of a man to resistance or fortitude—that causes his soul to sink within him. But it is vain for *me* to reflect. I must go on.

The first thing which I recollect, on recovering from my swoon, was seeing the figure of my faithful servant Pedro, bending over me as I lay upon the ground. He held his hat in his hand, and sprinkling cold water from it on my face. The moment I opened my eyes, he dropped his hat, and began to dance with joy.

"Massa no dead! massa get well again," said he. Then, commanding his emotions, he came and, raising me up, administered a draught of *aguadiente*\* from a flask which he carried in his bosom.

This faithful negro, who was of the Mandingo tribe, and whose courage was only exceeded by his affection for me, was for years my only earthly friend. He fell in battle by my side. There are two duties which I will owe him,—to record his worth, and to revenge his death. May my right hand perish, if I fail to do both!

To his affectionate care, on the occasion of which I am now writing, I owe my life. He carried me to a cavern† in the woods near the spot where I fell; leaving me on the ground, I had half-forgotten to mention, the dead bodies of two of the ruffians with whom we had fought. The remainder had retreated, carrying the corpse of my beloved Juanita; and left Pedro undisputed master of the field.

\* *Agua ardiente*, *burning water*, the name applied to the new rum of Cuba.

† The reader will notice the frequent mention of caverns in this narrative. The fact is, that Cuba, being a limestone country, is perforated with them in every direction. I have visited three on one estate of no great extent. They frequently serve as strong-holds for runaway negroes and banditti.—*Tr.*

A whole week he attended me, before I could walk. He dressed my wounds and bruises, brought me provisions, which he managed to plunder in the night from a neighbouring plantation ; and at the expiration of two weeks, when I was able to ride, had every thing in readiness for my departure to Havana.

It was in the night when I set out. He guided me out of the woods into the main road. I was mounted on my own horse. Pedro had saved him, but lost that on which he himself had been mounted.

When we came to the king's highway which leads to Havana, I held out my hand to take leave of him.

"Good-bye, Pedro," said I ; "go home to my father. Tell him I am dead. You will easily get your pardon for running away with me. I shall never forget your kindness, Pedro, nor shall I ever see your face again."

"No, no, massa," replied he, "Pedro will go with Don Ramon."

"Go with me? why, I am an outlaw, a fugitive, a beggar, for aught I know. I am not able to support a servant. You would lead a pretty life of it with such a master. I cannot wrong you so much. Go home to my father, and be comfortable and happy."

"No, Pedro must go with massa. Pedro support himself, and take care of massa when he sick. Pedro has no wife, no child on the estate, and love only you. Kill Pedro, if you will, but no drive him away."

There was no resisting such an appeal ; and so we jogged slowly along towards the city together. In an unfrequented part of the suburbs we found a lodging, *or rather* a hiding-place, suited to the uncertain state

of my affairs, where we could elude pursuit, and take time to consider what was next to be done.

My first business, the next morning, was to wait upon my banker at his house ; and I took special care to see him alone, and without announcing myself.

The moment he entered the parlour where I was waiting for him, he started back with a look of horror ; but on seeing me smile, he came forward, and, hurrying me into a sort of study adjoining, he locked the door, and instantly began to pour forth congratulations and thanks to the Holy Virgin that I was alive.

From him I learned that my father and my precious brother had come to the city, the day after my flight and fall ; they had given out that I had been murdered by robbers, had made considerable bustle about discovering my murderers ; and, to crown the whole, had taken my property out of the banker's hands and returned to the country.

Whether my brother had persuaded my father into a belief that I was dead ; or had informed him that I had probably escaped, and induced him to hush up the matter by spreading a report of my death ; or how the father of Juanita had been pacified, and her death accounted for, I could not learn. One thing, however, was certain ; namely, that henceforward I was to consider myself an outcast from my family, and was to all intents and purposes ruined and beggared.

My brother had long been implacable. There was sufficient evidence that he had induced my father to cast me off, or to regard me as dead. Should I attempt to regain my property by recourse to the law,

I should infallibly be outbid in bribes,\* or perhaps dragged to prison on a criminal charge, in consequence of my encounter in the woods.

I told the broker the real facts of the case, and as he had always appeared friendly to me, I asked him for a loan of fifty doubloons till I should be able to raise the wind. He had most unfortunately paid away his last doubloon that morning. I offered to call on the morrow; but unluckily he had five thousand doubloons to make out, the very day after, and regretted exceedingly, was quite in despair to think of it, that it would be utterly, completely, and entirely *out of his power* to oblige me at that time.

N. B. This banker was reputed to be worth three millions of dollars.

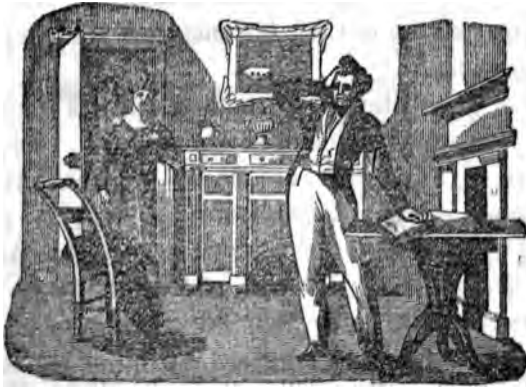
I stared at him, and wished him a very good morning. There was no danger of his mentioning the fact of having seen me, because he could not make any money by the discovery. Besides, I had been careful not to tell him my place of concealment.

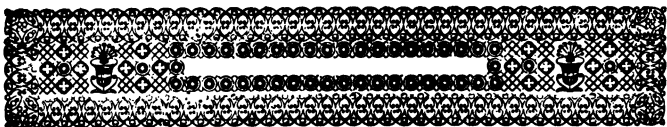
After this I found means to visit secretly six different merchants in the city, all of whom were entirely out of cash, if I might believe their statements; and most of them had heavy payments to make the day after I called on them. Yet they were all my particular friends, and had, in former times, drunk my champagne and smoked my cigars.

\* I am not sufficiently versed in the legal proceedings of Cuba, to speak from personal knowledge; but I have frequently heard the venality of their judges and magistrates complained of; and I presume that Ramon had little to expect from them in his destitute condition.—Tt.

I applied to two sea-captains, whom I had formerly entertained at my father's house, for a loan of ten doubloons, and was civilly refused.

In my rage and disappointment, I swore revenge against the whole race of merchants and sailors; and resolved to lay them under contribution in a different style. It is bad policy to affront a man whose circumstances are desperate. Most of those men who trou upon me in my hour of adversity have since paid dearly for it.





### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW TO MAKE UP A PIRATICAL CREW IN HAVANA.



**T**HERE are thousands of persons in Havana, who rise in the morning without knowing how they are to subsist through the day. Many of them would not carry a burden one mile, for money enough to support them a month. But these wear long knives in their bosoms, and frequent blind alleys at twilight.

Others are willing to do trifling errands; and two rials\* will support them as many days. Plantains and bits of sugar-cane are cheap articles. Indeed, every thing is cheap but bread, meat, fish, and cigars. But a Havanero, of the poor class, can live without any of these except the last; and a fellow who earns or steals two rials a day, will lay out three-fourths of that sum in cigars, and purchase his other necessaries with the rest. They can sleep anywhere in our delicious climate.

All these paupers gamble. I have seen a fellow whose earthly possessions amounted to one doubloon, risk it all, where he knew there were thirty-six chances

\* Twenty-five cents.

to one, against him. I have seen others part with dollar after dollar till all their money was gone ; and then pawn or sell different articles of their clothing till they were nearly naked, before they would quit the roulette table.

Then wo be to the defenceless wayfarer, who shall meet them in the streets by night. Their knives they never part with.

Out of this class of the good people of Havana and other cities in the West Indies, are composed a great proportion of those crews of rovers who obtain a very genteel subsistence by exacting tribute from merchant vessels.

After attentively and philosophically considering the circumstances of mankind in general and myself in particular, I came to the conclusion that it would be wise and expedient for me to raise a crew from among these gentlemen of leisure and commence rover. Perhaps I might have been stimulated to this determination in some measure by the polite treatment I had received from my kind friends, the merchants and captains. Indeed, I know, and will not disguise that this was the fact.

It is a part of my morality to pay in kind. I have seldom, if ever, failed to requite a favour or an injury, to return a compliment or an insult.

It is true I was no seaman, and have never become well versed in nautical matters ; but I could fight. I resolved therefore to have my sailing-master, and to be fighting captain myself. My resolution may appear singular and bold ; especially when it is recollected



that it was taken at a moment when I was destitute of the means of purchasing even a boat, and had but one adherent, and he an African. But Pizarro projected the conquest of Peru in quite as destitute a condition, and effected it by mere dint of decision and resolution.

I attended the gambling-houses, cockpits, and other favourite resorts of adventurers, taking particular care to disguise my person, so that my own father could not have recognised me. In these places I managed to enlist, at different times in the course of ten days, thirty resolute fellows, most of whom are able seamen, directing them to rendezvous in the suburbs on a given evening. I first secured a sailing-master, one Bernardo, who undertook to procure a long-boat, in which we were to leave the harbour. With his assistance the other officers of the crew were appointed with as much formality as if we had been commissioning a ship of war.

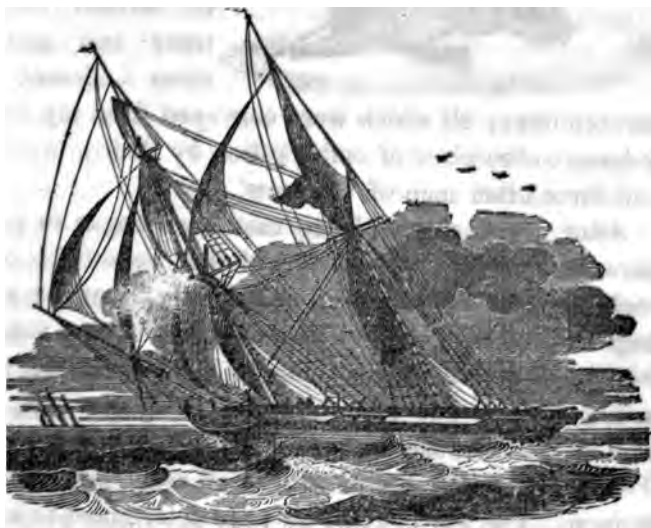
When we met at the rendezvous, they all knew me and recognised me as their leader; but most of them were strangers to each other. I had them all sworn in regularly according to a form agreed upon by Bernardo and myself, which it is unnecessary for me to set down in this place. But it was very comprehensive and emphatic; amounting to little less than a virtual declaration of war with all nations.

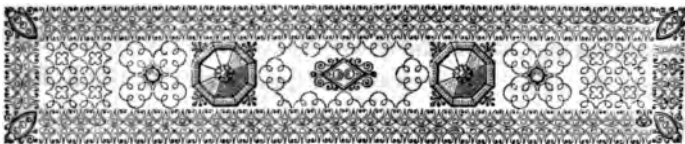
Bernardo then chose three men who accompanied him in pursuit of a boat. They were absent about two hours among the shipping in the harbour, and returned to the spot where we were assembled with a large shallop with a lateen sail. This place, where

we embarked, is on the shore, between the city and the Punta.\* The hour was midnight, and a thick fog coming on at the time, favouring our escape from the harbour, we passed the Morro,\* without being perceived by the sentinel on duty.

I should not omit to mention that my servant, Pedro, accompanied me, although fully aware of the nature of the enterprise, and strongly urged by me to turn home.

\* The Punta and the Morro are fortresses; the former on the right, and latter on the left-hand, as you sail into the harbour of Havana.—T.





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE FIRST CAPTURE.

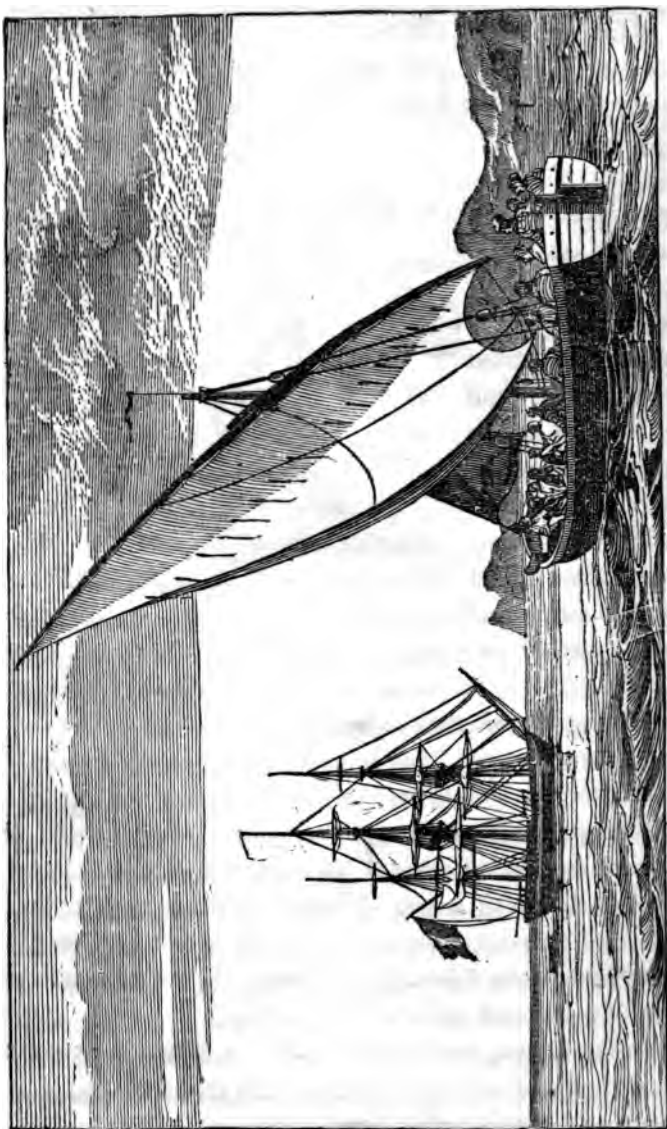


**B**y the terms of enlistment, each man had engaged to equip himself. I had money enough to furnish munitions and provisions sufficient to last ten days; all which were conveyed from my own lodging to the place of embarkation by Pedro, myself, and three other men of the crew.

After clearing the Morro castle, we began to prepare for a cruise. It was agreed that we should call each other by our Christian names only; that the management of the boat and the navigation of any vessel which we might capture, should be ordered by the sailing-master, but that, in every thing else, he, as well as the rest, should be subject to my orders.

We were well supplied with small arms, but had no cannon. The want of this we were determined to supply by resolution. Our first object was to procure a vessel; we might then enlarge our crew by recruiting in Havana, and procure cannon to be brought by them.





THE FIRST CAPTURE.

In the morning there was a light breeze, and we were a little to the eastward of Havana. Just before sunrise we discovered a ship at anchor. We bore away for her, and were soon near enough to perceive that she was one of the ships engaged in the German trade. She was apparently about six hundred tons burden, and sparingly manned.

Here, then, was to open my first adventure on the seas. I shall not soon forget my emotions, as we approached to board the ship. A recollection of my peaceful and happy life at home, came over me; then the wrongs I had suffered, the insults I had borne, flashed across my mind. I glanced at the countenances of my associates, each with his keen eyes fixed earnestly on the vessel, and his nostrils dilated with the excitement of the moment. The sight of them recalled my thoughts to the present scene, and braced my nerves for the contest, if contest there should be.

Nothing of these thoughts and emotions could have been conjectured from my appearance; for I have the power of concealing just as much as I choose to conceal, of what passes within me. Whatever passions, talents, and feelings I possess, I have always at command.\* I can excite myself to just what pitch I please, on any occasion or *no occasion*, or keep my blood cool in the midst of carnage and death. But these are small advantages in comparison with the power of concealing what I think and feel.

On the occasion of which I am now writing, I chose

\* It is amusing to hear a man, whose actions prove him to be the slave of passion, boast of his power of controlling his passions.—*Tr.*

to appear perfectly cool and unconcerned. I determined to go through with my first adventure in a business-like way. I ordered the sailing-master, Bernardo, to run our boat alongside in the most convenient manner for boarding.

We were of course hailed and clamorously ordered to keep off. But I directed the men to board her without speaking a word, and throw every one of the crew into the sea. I was myself the first man on the ship's deck; and the strange manner in which we proceeded, struck such a panic into her crew, that scarcely an effort was made for her defence.

My men executed my orders to the letter; but, lest some of our victims should prove too expert swimmers, they were all stabbed before their immersion.

Our prize was a fine vessel, belonging to a merchant in Havana, one of the dear friends who had refused me a trifling loan, and now met with a considerable loss, as we learned by examining the papers and the cargo. She was loaded with German goods, and had come from Hamburgh.

On entering the cabin and breaking open the captain's trunk, we found two hundred and forty doubloons, which I immediately distributed among the men in equal shares. This earnest-money was received with three hearty cheers.

We next proceeded to open the main hatch and examine the cargo, which was by no means a disagreeable business for a set of hungry adventurers. There were lots of Hamburgh beef and Westphalia hams, butter, cheese, and Rhenish wine, to say nothing of

stronger liquors, for which we cared little. Then there were cases of dry goods, hats, ready-made clothing, &c.

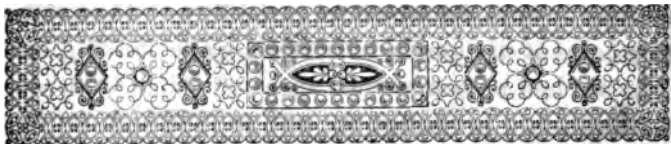
As we had no commercial agent on shore to dispose of the goods, I permitted the men to take such articles of clothing as they wanted; and soon had the satisfaction of seeing around me a crew as genteelly dressed as heart could wish. Not a single scoundrel of them but swaggered in his blue coat or jacket with gilt buttons, and his white waistcoat and pantaloons, with fur hat or cap. They would have looked like dandies on the Alameda, but for their machetes and the pistols they wore in their girdles.

When dressed, they were ordered to muster on deck, and I then confirmed my previous appointment of officers, selected those who were to act as boarders, in our next enterprise, and finally announced the important appointment of Pedro as steward, and ordered him forthwith to provide a good dinner.

He and the sailing-master and his mate were the only persons allowed to enter my cabin, at the door of which Pedro always slept, from that time forward.

Our prize was unluckily a heavy sailer. But we retained our shallop, to be used for boarding merchantmen in calm weather, and for escaping to the shore in case of pursuit by a vessel of a very superior force. Having settled our plan of operations, we kept along under easy sail towards Matanzas, hoping to intercept some merchantman bound to Havana.





## CHAPTER V.

### THE BOSTON SCHOONER.



How proud I felt, when I sat down for the first time in my own cabin! *My own!* bought by the valour of my own right hand, as most valuable possessions are gained. With what triumph did I smoke my cigar that day, and compare my success with that of the great admirals of ancient and modern times. I was now fairly in for it, as a rover. My hand was stained with blood, it is true; I was an outlaw; I might fall the next hour in action, or be hanged the next week as a pirate. But this did not diminish my enjoyment of present plunder and the hopes of future revenge; for since the moment when I saw Juanita fall, I had regarded death as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We passed Matanzas, and stood to the northward, the night after our first adventure. The next morning, at daylight, we found ourselves off the Doubleheaded Shot Keys, becalmed, with a clipper-built schooner just under our lee. After a short consultation with

Bernardo, I determined to take her; and, accordingly, manned our long-boat, and rowed alongside of her.

We saw only the man at the helm, till we were close under her main chains, when suddenly a dozen men, springing up from their places of concealment, at once assailed us with a shower of ballast-stones. Our boat was in danger of filling, and two men were severely wounded. I succeeded, however, in boarding, with the remaining eighteen men; and we fought the crew hand to hand.

As they had nothing but handspikes to defend themselves with, they were speedily cut to pieces or driven overboard; so that in fifteen minutes we had quiet possession of the deck.

On going into the cabin we found a passenger, a youth of sixteen, who, half-dead with terror, had hidden in his berth, and covered himself over with blankets and sheets.

Bernardo hauled him out, rather uncereemoniously; and he instantly fell upon his knees and began to beg most eloquently for mercy, in English.

"In the name of all the saints, who are you?" said Bernardo, in Spanish.

"O most excellent pi—— gentlemen," said the poor devil, "have mercy on me and spare my life. I don't understand one word of Spanish, and I beg of you not to kill me for not understanding what you say. O dear, dear, what shall I do?" This speech was accompanied with a great deal of weeping and wringing of hands.

Bernardo raised his machete, to put an end to the

pothor ; when I placed my hand on his arm, saying that I wished to extract some information from the fellow.

He clasped my knees; thanked me for saving his life, called me his guardian angel, &c. &c.

"Don't be in such a hurry with your thanks, my good fellow," said I, in English, "peradventure you will have little to thank me for in the end."

"O dear," said he, "O do have mercy upon me, and I'll never go to sea again as long as I live."

"What do you suppose I care about your going to sea? You are so frightened that you don't know what you are saying. Give an account of yourself. Who are you?"

"O, sir, my name is Jeremiah Starch, and I am clerk—head clerk—in the store of Codfish and Clump, down on Long Wharf in Boston. You know where Long Wharf is, don't you? Haven't you never been in Boston, sir?"

"No, nor never expect to be. How the devil came you here?"

"O sir, I thought I should like to go to sea, sir. But I've altered my mind.—"

"Well, we will alter your body. We will flay you alive in five minutes, if you do not tell us all you know about the vessel, cargo, cash, and consignments. The history of your life, and an account of the changes of your mind, we can dispense with at present."

Upon this intimation Mr. Jeremiah Starch was sufficiently communicative. He informed us that the vessel was from Boston, bound to Matanzas, with a





cargo of Yankee notions, principally provisions. He declared that the only cash on board was a hundred and fifty doubloons, sent under his care by a Mr. Gray of Boston, to be paid to a house in Matanzas; and on Bernardo's suggesting the application of a hot iron to one of his cheeks, or the stripping off a yard or two of his skin, in order to make him disclose more fully concerning cash matters, he still adhered to his former declaration.

The gold was distributed among my men, as before; and the new prize being a first-rate sailer, we removed our valuables from the first prize, on board of her; and after scuttling the heavy-sailing ship, made sail to the leeward, with a light breeze which had sprung up while we were completing our arrangements.

As Mr. Starch seemed to be particularly averse to having his throat cut, we only marooned him on a small key off the bay of Cadenas, where he may have subsisted on a barrel of pork and a keg of molasses which we left him, up to the present time, for aught I know to the contrary.





## CHAPTER VI.

### RECRUITING.



WE had now a fine, fast-sailing schooner and a crew flushed with success, fed, firmly attached to their commander, and ready for hard knocks in the cause of liberty and an equal distribution of property. But we wanted more men. To supply this want, we ran a small harbour on the coast near Matanzas, and I set off for Havana, leaving the vessel under the command of Bernardo.

He and Pedro gave me all their money, and each of the sailors contributed three doubloons toward the intended purchase. My reason for undertaking the affair myself was, in the first place, because I trusted myself, better than any one on board; secondly, I wished to recruit thirty more men, and to choose them myself.

I bought a horse, saddle, and bridle at the tavern I came to, after landing; and half a day's ride brought me to the city. I disguised myself carefully and began my rounds at the gambling-houses, in a

**f recruits.** As I enlisted them I gave them directions to meet me at Guanabacoa, on a certain day, which happened to be a holiday, which is celebrated with great pomp in that village.

At a gambling-house one evening I observed a young fellow, whose countenance prepossessed me in his favour, and I determined to have him. His eye was as piercing as an eagle's, his features expressed fortitude and resolution, and his frame was Herculean. After he had lost a few ounces\* at the monte table, he rose in apparent agitation and was retiring. I went up to him and offered to give him a chance of retrieving his losses in a quiet game of piquet. We retired to an apartment in a neighbouring hotel, and in two hours I stripped him of his last dollar.

He pulled out a handsome gold watch, and, laying it upon the table, offered to stake it for about two-thirds its value.

"My friend," said I, laying my hand very cordially on his, "suppose you lose that, how are you to obtain your next supply of money?"

"That is none of your affair," replied he, fiercely; "will you accept my stake?"

"I had rather put you in a way of gaining a thousand ounces, than win another dollar from you," replied I, with a smile, a tone, and a look that would have conciliated a much more unpromising novice.

"How may that be?" said he, eagerly.

I pulled from my pocket a newspaper—one of those

\* Ounces. Spanish doubloons are generally called ounces in Cuba.—  
77.



published in Havana; and, pointing to the list of arrivals, bade him notice the quantity of gold brought in, every day, by ships from the United States and Europe. "*Arrived, Brig William, from New York, with provisions, and five thousand ounces of gold.—Arrived, Ship Charles, from Boston, with provisions, dry goods, and three thousand ounces of gold.*"

"What is all this to the purpose?" inquired my protégé.

"Why, my friend," said I, "there are hundreds of these vessels, coming here every month; and you and I are none the richer for it. Suppose we go out and invite the captain of one of them to go shares."

"I suppose the churlish fellow would refuse."

"Then it would be advisable to be in a situation to compel his doing it."

"But these people have never done me any harm. I should not like to kill or rob them."

"No harm? Why, signor, are you a true and loyal Cubano, a friend of King Ferdinand, and do not consider the Yankees, and the English, too, your enemies? Have they not helped those scoundrels of South America to overturn the Spanish government? Are they not every day permitting armed vessels to be fitted out in the Patriot service from ports in the United States? Besides, are they not all heretics; and would it not be an acceptable act of faith to burn the whole posse of them alive? I marvel at your silly scruples about lightening them of a little superfluous cash."

"But how are we to get the means?"

When my gentleman had got so far as to ask this question, I had only to communicate a little information as to the real state of things, before I completely gained him over ; and this same Don Manuel was one of the best officers I ever had in my service.

With the baser sort, common sailors and marines, I proceeded in a more summary way ; and seldom occupied more than ten minutes in raising a recruit.

When my number was completed, I purchased, without any difficulty, six nine-pounders, with carriages and ammunition ; had the whole carefully packed in boxes for concealment ; and sent in carts to a place in the Partido\* de Giguabo, on the River Guanabo. Here the agent to whom I had intrusted them was met by our gunner, and conducted with the carts to the harbour where our vessel lay.

On the holiday above mentioned, I met my recruits at Guanabacoa, swore them in, and gave them directions how to find the vessel. We then separated and took different roads towards the place where she lay. Don Manuel was my only attendant, in returning to the vessel, and I found him an excellent travelling companion, having a considerable fund of humour ; though rather too much addicted to moralizing. I have observed that people of loose characters are rather addicted to this vice of making moral speeches, and uttering wise saws. It is a great bore. Don Manuel was, on the whole, however, a very worthy fellow.

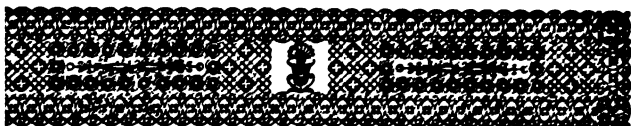
On arriving at the vessel, I found the guns all on

\* A Partido is a small district, including several estates, and sometimes one or two villages.—T7.

board, the recruits arrived, and every thing in readiness for sailing. From the retired situation we had chosen, and the fortunate habit my countrymen have of minding their own business ; our operations did not appear to have attracted any particular attention. It is true that Bernardo had found purchasers for some of our goods, and had succeeded in turning most of the silks and broadcloths into hard cash ; but he was troubled with no impertinent questions about the manner in which he had obtained them ; though there must have been a shrewd suspicion among the purchasers that no very heavy duties had been paid on them ; for, to tell the truth, Bernardo gave great bargains.

As we sailed without the ceremony of a clearance from the custom-house, and did not even trouble the governor-general for passports on leaving the country, we had a quick despatch ; and in less than three hours after my arrival on board we were under weigh, by the light of a new moon.





## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GERMAN SHIP.—TRADE ON SHORE.



I HAVE been rather minute in giving an account of those circumstances which led to my embracing my present mode of life; and of the manner in which I begun. But it is unnecessary for me to drag the reader through the detail of my numerous entures. I shall only select some of the more striking affairs in which it has been my fortune to engage. We cruised two months on the north coast of Cuba, , during that time, boarded twenty vessels, most of m from the United States. But as we never met h any resistance, and only took money, watches, l such provisions as we wanted, without killing any the people, except one or two obstinate captains, o refused to tell where their doubloons were con- led, I shall not give a detailed account of the cruise. ost of these vessels were loaded with lumber, and e from Portland, Quinebunque, Socco,\* &c. There e two vessels from Rouge Island† with horses, and

\* Probably Kennebunk and Saco.—Tr.

† Probably some island on the coast of South America.

another from Neck-to-cut\* with wooden ware, clocks, tin pots, and nutmegs. We found no doubloons on board these last; although we obliged the master of the Neck-to-cut schooner to swallow six of his own nutmegs, in order to make him disclose where his money was hid. We then let him go. But I think he must have died of an indigestion; for the nutmegs were the hardest I ever saw.

We had about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on board; and having cruised sixty days, the men were petitioning for a little recreation on shore. They had plenty of money, and seemed to think of the pleasures of Havana. I had no objection to indulge them, and accordingly we ran for a small, unfrequented bay, between Matanzas and Havana; intending to lie there ten days, and then sail on another cruise; thus affording the men a week to spend in Havana, with time to go there and return.

It was our fortune, however, before reaching our destination, to fall in with a large ship from Hamburg, bound to Havana. As they had fifteen or twenty men, and a couple of guns, the scoundrels had the insolence to resist, and fired into us with musket-balls and grape-shot.

I was wounded in the shoulder, and two of the men were killed. This stirred my blood. We boarded her, and cleared the deck in five minutes. Several of the men jumped overboard, seven were killed in the action, and the remainder were similarly disposed of, after the action was over, except a passenger, who,

\* I can hazard no conjecture as to what port this is.—T.

being a physician, going to the West Indies to seek his fortune, consented to become our surgeon.

In examining the cargo of our prize, we found it to be very valuable, consisting of dry goods, provisions, wine, hardware, hats, &c.; and we determined to take her in and dispose of the goods. Being satisfied that the bay, to which we had intended to go, was rather too near the merchants to whom the ship had been consigned, I bore away for the bay of Cadenas, a few miles to the eastward of Matanzas.

We came to anchor in the bay; and sent our boats on shore with messengers, who were despatched to Matanzas and several neighbouring villages, to give information to certain persons, well known to many of my men, that we had brought in a prize, and were disposed to trade on liberal terms for cash.

We soon had plenty of customers; for we gave great bargains; our object being a quick sale and cash payments. One man, a Portuguese by the name of Juan \*\*\*\*, purchased nearly half our cargo, and paid for it in doubloons, and carried his goods to Matanzas.

We had not time, however, to get rid of all the remainder, before a trusty messenger came from Matanzas, with information that our worthy friend and liberal customer, Juan, was in trouble. A partner of the house at Havana to which our prize had been consigned, happened to see some of Juan's wonderfully cheap goods, which were bought at the bay of Cadenas. He observed that many of the packages had marks corresponding with those of the duplicate invoices which

had been forwarded to Havana, from their correspondent in Hamburg, by another vessel. He repaired to the Governor of Matanzas, and demanded an immediate investigation of the affair. The governor was obliged to notice the application. Our excellent friend Juan was instantly thrown into prison; the goods were formally claimed and recovered by the Havana house; although a great deal went to scrivenos\* and lawyers.

The notice of Juan's arrest, and an intimation that we might expect a visit from a detachment of the king's troops, was a matter which required attention. Our thriving trade was abandoned; the prize was scuttled and sunk; all hands ordered on board; anchors weighed; sails loosed; and in three hours after we received the intelligence, we had cleared the bay, and were standing to leeward under a press of sail.

I should not omit to mention that our friend Juan was kept in prison and plagued with lawyers and scribes for a whole year afterwards, during which time I took care to forward him frequent remittances, that he might be able to oil the balance of justice. When those high-minded, vigilant officers, the magistrates of Matanzas, had reason to suppose that they had drained Juan of all his ready cash, they let him go. But he was a shrewd as well as an upright man, and had taken care to keep a shot in the locker. He went into the old trade, as perhaps I may hereafter have occasion to mention, and amassed a handsome

\* Clerks, scriveners.

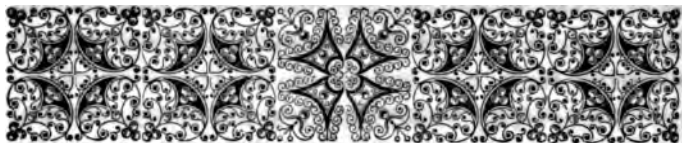
estate. He is now a very respectable merchant in Matanzas, and I consider him one of the best friends we rovers have.

It has always been my policy to pay all my servants, messengers, and spies on shore, handsomely, and to give all merchants, who trade with me, excellent bargains and polite treatment; and I must say that I have found my account in it. I would advise all rovers to do the same. Moreover, it is as well to keep a lawyer or two in pay on shore, and as many of the civil and military officers of government as you can find means to corrupt.

It is true these worthy adherents will be sure to desert you, as soon as your money is gone; but they may be very useful while it lasts; and inasmuch as the government of Cuba, notwithstanding their proclamations against PIRATES, have taken care that no informer or prosecutor can possibly gain any thing by their conviction and punishment; the chance is, that a lawyer will speedily get you clear.







## CHAPTER VIII.

### ESTABLISHMENT OF A DEPOT IN A CAVERN ON SHORE.



**T**HE misfortune of our worthy friend Juan, and the consequent interruption to our trade on shore, convinced me of the importance of having some safe depot for our goods—a place to which we might retreat in case of shipwreck, or of being obliged to abandon our vessel by a superior foreign force.

I consulted with Bernardo and his mate Francisco, and inquired if they knew of any safe place in the interior, near the coast of Cuba, or any island, where we might be secure from disturbance. They knew of none. Luckily our conversation was overheard by my steward, Pedro, who informed us that he knew of a cavern not far from my father's estate, which would answer our purpose admirably. He had found it, by mere accident, as he was rambling in the woods in search of the honey of the wild bees, which abound in all parts of the island. He had ascended the precipitous side of a mountain, and was clambering along, holding on by the tendrils of the *bajuca* or wild vine, when

ne of these giving way, and his foot slipping at the same moment, he was tumbled into a deep fissure among the rocks. He lay for some time insensible, and, on recovering, found himself in a spacious cavern, which was dimly lighted by the midday sun, which could scarcely pierce through the thick branches and foliage which nearly filled up the chasm through which he had fallen.

Despairing of climbing up through the fissure, Pedro began to explore the cavern, in hopes of finding some other opening. He found it extensive and branching out into many chambers, which I shall describe more particularly hereafter. At last, when nearly exhausted, he discovered a gleam of daylight appearing at the end of a long natural gallery, and, scrambling towards it, was rejoiced to find an opening which looked out upon the sea-shore.

As he was anxious to conceal his discovery, that he might retreat to the cave in case of deserting the estate, he concealed the opening, by tumbling a tree over it, which cost him a good hour's labour with his machete.\* He further informed us that the access to the opening from which he had escaped, to the sea, was easy.

I determined at all events to visit this place, and accordingly ran for that part of the coast on which my father's estate was situated. Before we arrived

\* The weeding instrument used by the negroes, is called a machete, as well as the sword of a cavalier. The negro's machete resembles a cleaver, and is usually worn in the woods, sheathed in a rough scabbard of palm-leaf.—77.

at our destination, we fell in with a French ship from Bourdeaux, bound to Havana. We captured her after a short action, and finding her cargo to consist of wine, brandy, fruits, silks, broadcloths, and other valuable articles, I put on board a prize crew under the command of Francisco, and ordered him to keep company with us. He saved enough of the crew alive to navigate the ship to the point on the coast to which we were bound, viz.: a small bay near my father's estate.

On arriving there, Francisco ordered the prisoners to let down the jolly-boat and get into her. The Frenchmen obeyed with alacrity, expecting their freedom as a matter of course; but the moment they pushed off, Francisco ordered his men to fire into the boat with their muskets, and destroy them all.

Fortunately I was anchored near the prize; and being in my cabin preparing to land, I heard the discharge of musketry, and running on deck, demanded the reason of such a disturbance. On learning it, I ordered the men to desist from firing, and told the Frenchmen to come on board of my own vessel. There were seven survivors, three having been killed. They came on board, half-terrified to death, and begging for mercy. I told them to fear nothing.

I was exceedingly angry with Francisco for this affair: not because he had shot a few Frenchmen; but because the coxcomb had presumed to act without orders, and more particularly because I wanted to use the services of these prisoners in landing the cargo.

In the evening after our arrival, I had some flam-

eaux prepared, to be lighted when we should get into the cavern, and taking a party of six men, well armed and provided with dark lanterns, with Pedro for a guide, I set off to explore the scene of his adventure in the woods.

Pedro led us for half an hour through a winding, intricate path in the woods, where we were obliged to go in single file, and frequently to cut our way with our machetes. Suddenly we came upon a wide cart-road leading through the forest; and in a moment, as we attempted to cross this road, a whole troop, consisting of eight or ten horsemen, came dashing along with loud cries of "Here they are! here are the bandeleros.\* Kill them! Shoot them! Take them!"

As I was averse to making a disturbance on shore, I determined to do these braggadocios no harm. I therefore coolly ordered my men to face round towards them, draw each a pistol, and fire over the horsemen's heads.

The moment the pistols were discharged, these valiant troopers wheeled about, and instantly set off at a full gallop; and we heard no more of them.

† They were undoubtedly a patrol of the young men of that neighbourhood; planters' sons, overseers of estates, and so forth; who had been ordered out by the captain of the partido, to capture highway robbers, a species of vermin very common in Cuba.

I must confess that I felt my temper a little ruffled at being mistaken for a highway robber, a land-shark. I have always considered the practice of highway robbery exceedingly immoral, and highly ungentleel.

\* Bandeleros, robbers.

However, I commanded my temper, and let these uncivil gentry off with whole skins.

We pursued our path towards the cavern; and as I was particularly averse to being interrupted in our lawful business, by these villanous patrols, I was glad to learn from Pedro, that when we should come to convey the goods to the cavern, we might go by a more out-of-the-way path.

When at length we arrived at the cavern, we found its mouth admirably screened from observation. It was in the very depths of a forest, and could only be entered by ascending the rocky side of a hill completely covered with thick vines and tall trees. We entered it by clambering down a steep passage, and lighted our flambeaux; when the blaze of light revealed a most beautiful and imposing spectacle. The principal cave in which we stood is fifty feet in height from the floor to the roof, and presents an area of two hundred feet in diameter. The roof is supported by pillars of solid white limestone, and, owing to the manner in which this and all other limestone caverns of the country are formed, they are completely lined throughout with limestone; the sides being adorned with curious draperies, curtains, and festoons, like the scenery of a theatre; the roof hung with numberless stalactites depending from every part of it; and the floor studded with stalagmites, which serve for seats, tables, candelabras, and sofas.

From the main apartment of the cavern we soon ascertained that galleries and chambers branched off in every direction; and after diligently searching, for

nearly the whole night, by the light of our flambeaux, we were unable to find any traces of this cavern having been visited by man, before it was discovered by Pedro. There were a great many owls and bats flitting about over our heads, but it was no part of our policy to disturb them, for the present.

We returned to the vessels early the next day, and found a flock of people, who were desirous to purchase our goods, assembled from the neighbouring villages.

I was not apprehensive of being recognised by any of these people myself, having changed materially in my personal appearance since leaving my home, which was in this neighbourhood; but it was otherwise with Pedro; and I accordingly ordered him to keep during the day on board the schooner, which none of these people were allowed to approach. I permitted them to trade through the day; but cleared the coast of them at night, and commenced operations for removing certain valuables to the cavern. I had purchased ten mules of the country people in the daytime, and these were loaded before dark, with cases of wine, kegs of brandy, boxes of raisins and prunes, drums of figs, packages of silks and broadcloths, and a quantity of articles of ready-made clothing.

With these goods, and a strong party from the schooner, we started off and reached the cavern in an hour; and in less than fifty minutes after our arrival at the foot of the hill, we had transferred the whole from the backs of the mules, into the principal apartment of the cavern. I then ordered two-thirds of the men back for another cargo, and stayed behind myself,

to superintend the storage of the goods in some snug and commodious chamber.

It was not without considerable trouble and research that I found the apartment, in which I am now confined with my broken leg; and where I am gravely composing my own history, telling to ages yet unborn, and who will long remain unborn, I ween, the exploits by which I have acquired some small celebrity, such as it is. By the way, I have not related any of my special and particular feats. I have several to narrate, and shall soon come to some of them, in the regular course of my narrative.

To return to my chamber. I will describe it as it is now; for, by the aid of sailors' contrivance and good ship-stores, we were not long in bringing it to a state of comfortableness, in which it has remained undisturbed to the present time; its quietness and repose being only relieved by an occasional drinking bout, or a trifling brawl among the men, whom it sometimes becomes necessary to silence with the sabre.

This room, in which, thanks to my fractured limb, I now lie, is not above forty feet square. The entrance from a passage leading into the main apartment, is small; and the floor is a little raised from the level of the main floor. It is perfectly dry, and has a narrow aperture through the roof, in one corner, which answers the purpose of a chimney. It is ornamented by the hand of nature in the same manner as the rest of the cavern, with stalactites, pillars, &c., of beautiful white limestone, and is furnished rather in the naval taste.

The sides are adorned with flags of various nations suspended from the stalactites; every pillar has its ornaments of crossed sabres, muskets, or pistols; sofas, chairs, tables, and sideboards are disposed in tolerable order, and my own bed occupies a situation where I can command the whole apartment with a glance; and as my pistols and dagger are always within my reach, I should have little to fear, even in my disabled state, from any thing short of half a dozen armed intruders. However, there is little chance of intruders here. In Cuba people mind their own business, and permit every one to follow his lawful trade.

My only attendant in the cavern at present is an old Creole woman, Rosa; so called probably, from her resemblance to that botanical curiosity, a black rose. She takes excellent care of me, and knows the signal, and will be sure to hear it, too, at any time of night, when the return of my men may require the opening of the trap-door which closes the outer entrance to the great cavern.

She is well acquainted, moreover, with the stores of the concern; knows in what recess to search for wine or spirits, ship-bread, ham, beef, sugar, snuff, cigars, or gunpowder; and she cooks almost as well as poor Pedro. She cost me nine hundred dollars in Havana; but she is worth a Jew's eye.





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MUTINY.



**W**HEN I had stored a considerable quantity of goods in the cavern, I gave a dinner to as many of the officers and men as could leave the vessel at once, and we prolonged the festivities till nearly dawn of the next day.

I ordered a lieutenant and two men to remain in the cavern during my absence, giving them directions to make it their rendezvous, and relieve each other; two staying in the cavern while a third should scour the neighbouring country, go to Havana occasionally for intelligence, and act as a spy; adopting any disguise or character he might think fit.

I then returned to the schooner, disposed of the Frenchmen, who had assisted us in unloading, in such a manner that they will tell no tales; sunk the French prize, and set sail on another cruise.

When we had been out thirty-six hours, I began to remark some appearances in my crew which, to me, seemed to portend a mutiny. Dark, malicious glances cast at me as I walked the deck; curses, not loud,

but deep, reached my ear once or twice; and on the whole, things were looking rather squally. I seemed not to notice it; and I was not long in making up my mind that it was owing to the machinations of a Portuguese sailor that I shipped incautiously from among the persons who visited us on shore.

He was a fellow of great activity of body, fluency of tongue, and address of manners; a capital sailor, but an unprincipled dog, unfit for any honourable service. He, as I afterwards learned, had been amusing the crew with such speeches as this.

“Why, what a parcel of Johnny Raws you must be, to sail under a fellow that is a mere landsman; that knows no more of seamanship than your gunner does of farming; a fellow that can fight a little, to be sure; but who can’t do that? If your sailing-master were killed, you would be all in the wind. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Chuck him overboard off-hand, choose me for your captain, and I’ll show you what is what. Why, he orders you about here with as much authority as though he had served out his seven years, as I have, before the mast, instead of crawling in at the cabin window, like a landlubber as he is. I have commanded a rover that carried thirty guns, and have seen more service than this fellow ever read of, though you say he is a great scholar. For my part, I think the best scholarship is to know how to box the compass and steer a trick.”

As there were some trifling jealousies and discontents before, these arguments were not without their

effect on the fickle portion of the crew, so that this Portuguese Patricio soon had his party of some fifteen or twenty fellows who were ready for any thing. The more respectable part of the crew, the steady *old salt* water heroes, foreseeing the probable result, and resolving to stand by me, when they should "come to the scratch," kept silent, and watched the course of events.

I had been walking on the quarter-deck, and observed Jacques in close consultation with a knot of men, forward. I went into the cabin, put two pistols in my belt, after looking carefully at their priming, and stuck a dagger into my sash, in addition to the one I always carry in my bosom. I wore my sword as usual. I then went up the companion-way, intending to wait the moving of the waters. I despise to pick a quarrel with my crew; but when they have any special business aft of the main hatch, they will find me ready.

The moment I stepped upon deck, eight muskets, with fixed bayonets, were levelled at my bosom, and I was ordered by as many voices to go below.

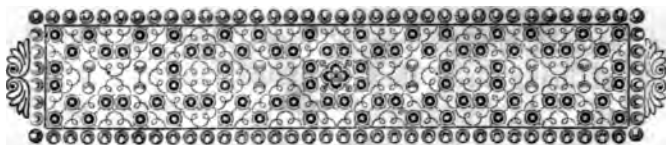
I drew my pistols, and, presenting them, I coolly replied to this peremptory order, "Fire away, my good fellows, fire away. The first that pulls trigger, however, will go to Davy Jones; for you know I am a dead shot. Fire, if you like! I never flinched from steel or gunpowder yet, and it is not likely that I shall obey an order from my own men, at this time of day. I had much rather die."

They had expected to intimidate me; but finding

me resolute, and no one of them liking to take the risk of firing first, they hesitated, and raised their muskets. At this moment Patricio, who had kept in the rear, stepped forward to encourage his dupes; but before he could speak three words, the old sailors who had hung back, and stood neutral, probably, to see if my resolution was equal to the occasion, rallied round me, with loud shouts of "Huzza for Don Ramon! The old captain forever! Game! game! a real fighting-cock to the back-bone!"

The gentlemen of the committee for making a prisoner of me, were disarmed in a twinkling, and began loudly to complain of Patricio, and lay the whole blame of the transaction on his shoulders. The old sailors, and all who were not of the nine leading conspirators, were for throwing these worthies overboard; but I insisted on a free pardon for all but Patricio. I directed the old sailors to try him by a court of inquiry after their own fashion, and dispose of him as they found him guilty or innocent of originating the whole plot, which I think extended much farther than to the nine who appeared in the business, as I should have found to my cost, if I had exhibited the least symptom of fear.

The trial lasted about five minutes. Patricio was condemned by acclamation, and strung up to the yard-arm as soon as his sentence was pronounced. There has never been a sign of discontent among my men since.



## CHAPTER X.

### HOW TO CATCH A TARTAR.—ENCOUNTER WITH A YANKEE SCHOONER.



SAIL was announced by the man at the mast-head in three hours after Patricio met his fate.

“Now, my boys,” said I, “let us forget the past and attend to the present. We may have an opportunity to show who has the most courage, in a few minutes. There is an enemy. Hurra for the black flag!!!”

This speech was received with three cheers, and we bore away for the strange sail. We need not have been in such a hurry.

As we neared her, she appeared to be a schooner of equal size with our own, and when she hoisted the American flag, and showed a row of formidable teeth, my sailing-master suggested to me that the better part of valour might possibly prove to be discretion; and as we were pretty sure of outsailing the enemy, he thought it would be advisable to make sail to leeward, without asking him any questions.

“What! run away,” exclaimed I, “and from a vessel of equal size. Never, while I have a spar

standing, or a man on deck who can handle a musket or a boarding-pike."

"But, don't you see, sir," said he, "that it is an American man-of-war?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, sir, they have drubbed the English on the ocean. What, in the name of all the saints, can we, poor Spaniards, expect to do with such fellows?"

"Capture them, to be sure. We have taken every thing we have encountered hitherto; why not this schooner?"

"Oh, Signior Don Ramon, taking merchantmen from the States, and a few Dutch and French letters-of-marque, is all cakes and gingerbread compared with encountering one of these terrible Yankee men-of-war. We have nothing but hard knocks to expect here, I assure you."

"Nonsense, nonsense! we can take that schooner in fifteen minutes. Besides, I would not give up the fun of fighting them, if it were only for the sake of giving our scoundrels something to do. We shall have another mutiny, in a few days, for want of action."

"Well, Signior Don Ramon, a wilful man must have his way. But I had rather go into action with a ship of any other nation under heaven. These Yankees I always detested as Satan does holy water, partly because they are heretics, but, mainly, they are such unconscionable hard fighters, and beat our great nation all hollow in seamanship. I will hug the shore, Don Ramon; for we may have to seek it before many minutes are gone."

I made no objection to this. As we neared the enemy, we made her out to be considerably our inferior in size and weight of metal. She was one of the smallest schooners employed in the service of the United States, and had been fitted out, as I have since learned, expressly for the protection of the American trade against our depredations. The vessels in this service, from diminutive size, were called the *Musquito fleet*. I observed her narrowly, as we came into action. She was a neat affair. Her sails and rigging were in perfect order. She sat like a swan in the water, and under the light breeze which we had, every manœuvre was executed with an exactness and promptitude that could not but strike one who had been accustomed to the clumsy seamanship of Spanish sailors.

I felt confident of capturing her, however, if we could but succeed in boarding, and ordered the sailing-master to lay our vessel close alongside of her. The Yankee commander reserved his fire so long, that I was expecting to see his flag come down. He saw our design of boarding; and, although he must have known our superiority of numbers, he did not decline coming to close action; but just as we were approaching him in parallel line, he suddenly wore ship so as to come directly athwart our track, and gave us a broadside, which killed three men and wounded six others. The thing was done in a twinkling. It seemed like a stroke of enchantment.

My faithful Pedro was among the dead. A cannon ball struck him on the breast, and he fell at my feet, casting a dying look of affection on his master.







RAMON'S ACTION WITH THE AMERICANS OF THE MOSQUITO FLEET.

From this moment, I became frantic with rage, and cannot recollect with distinctness what followed. I do remember, however, grappling with the enemy, and ordering the men to board, leading them to the charge, and being struck on the head and knocked into the sea, in the act of boarding; swimming round my own vessel; seeing my men driven from the enemy's vessel to their own deck, and then, abandoning that, taking to their boats and pulling towards the shore; being picked up by one of the boats and hurried away to the nearest shore and to the woods. Here, during the night, as my men have since informed me, I became delirious, and was seized with a burning fever, and was conscious of nothing that passed for ten days, at the end of which time I waked out of a profound sleep, in the bed where I now lie; having been brought to the cavern by my men, and carefully attended till the strength of my constitution triumphed over the fever, and my senses returned.

The men had seen our vessel blown up by the Yankees, and had dispersed in the woods, after appointing a rendezvous at the cavern. The sailing-master and three others stood by me through the whole of my delirium, carried me to a house where assistance was procured, and from which they took care to remove me to the cavern, as soon as they could effect it secretly.

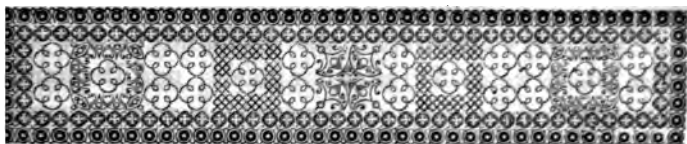
All the crew who had not fallen in the action were now reassembled, and waiting my recovery with the greatest anxiety. I gave the sailing-master an order on Portuguese Juan, our old friend in Matanzas,

directing him to furnish a vessel suitable for cruising, which should be cleared out of Matanzas as a merchantman, and should have part of her guns in the hold; and take part of them in at the bay of Cadenas. Much disguise in the matter was not necessary; for the government of our ever-faithful island never see any thing which is not likely to yield them doubloons. When a rich merchantman is to be seized for some informality, or some attempt at smuggling, without the customary bribe, they are on the alert—wide awake. But when nothing but empty vessels and penniless pirates are to be got, they are not apt to bestir themselves. Why should they be? I confess I like their sentiments.

Bernardo took the order and seventeen men, and departed; leaving me to recover, and promising to anchor off the shore, near the cave, as soon as possible.



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## CHAPTER XI.

**THE PATRIOT SERVICE.—ATTACK ON A ROYALIST CITY IN COLOMBIA.—PLUNDER OF THE CATHEDRAL.**



RECOVERED very slowly. During the remainder of my confinement to the cave, I was consoled for my late disaster by the enthusiastic attachment manifested by my men. They attributed their late defeat solely to the circumstance of my being knocked overboard; and expressed a firm conviction that, but for that event, they should have swept the Yankees' decks, and driven every scoundrel of them into the sea. For myself, I could not help entertaining a shrewd doubt on the subject. Those Yankees are up to a thing or two. They took the whole affair as coolly and regularly as a day's work, and seemed to think no more of slicing off a man's head, than of drinking a glass of punch.

In five weeks, a messenger from Bernardo arrived at the cavern, and brought me intelligence that the vessel might be expected immediately. I directly stationed men on the highest hills in our neighbourhood, to be on the lookout, and give me the earliest information of her arrival.

Three days afterwards, she anchored at the old place where we used to land our goods ; and Bernardo hastened to the cavern. I received him with no small pleasure ; and immediately prepared to embark. I was sufficiently recovered to walk or ride out, and thought a cruise would be the best restorative to my health. I went on board, leaving but three men in the cavern, and taking the rest with me.

The new vessel was a beautiful schooner, Baltimore built, rigged in the most perfect manner, of a hundred and fifty tons burden, and carrying fourteen guns. We named her "*The Cubano*," with appropriate honours and ceremonies ; that is to say, a salute of two broadsides, hoisting the black colours, and drinking six dozen of champagne.

The next morning, we sailed on a cruise. I need not detail all its circumstances ; but will describe it generally. It was the most delightful one I ever had. I had sworn vengeance on the Yankees for the destruction of Pedro, and, during this cruise, I partly performed it ; as their own newspapers of the period abundantly testify. Many was the captain, and many the crew that I gave up to the tender mercies of my men. Some they destroyed outright, with a single stroke of the knife. Others were hung up to the yard-arm. Many were mutilated and tortured ; and hundreds, at various times, were driven overboard into the sea.

It is not to be denied that we sometimes met with spirited resistance, and in several instances lost men and suffered damage, even in contests with merchant

men carrying four or five guns. But we always came off victorious; and the amount of specie and goods which we brought to the cave at the end of the cruise, exceeded half a million of dollars.

After the goods were safely stored in the cavern, and the money divided among the crew, I proposed to them, as our coast was getting very much infested with American men-of-war, that we should go to Colombia and offer our services to the Patriots, so as to have a sanction for any thing we might do. I had no doubt that a commission to act as a privateer might be obtained; and then, if we should happen to be boarded by an American or English frigate, we had only to show our commission from those precious villains, the Colombian Congress, and all would be fair. But as soon as they were out of sight, we might fall to plundering any merchantmen we might fall in with; distributing our favours, as heretofore, impartially among all nations.

"But should we forsake Cuba?" inquired my men.

"By no means," replied I; "we had only to put our Colombian flags and commissions out of sight, when we approached our native coasts, and then we should immediately become dutiful subjects of King Ferdinand."

"But what account of myself should I give to the Congress?" inquired they.

"O, I was prepared on that point. I had twenty sets of papers taken from various merchantmen. I could enter from almost any port in the United States; and say that I had come to embrace the glorious cause

of South American liberty. They would not bother people with impertinent questions, who had come so far to fight for them."

The plan was embraced with enthusiasm; and we immediately sailed for Angostura, which was then the seat of the Colombian government. On arriving there, I immediately reported myself to the Congress, as an American captain, who had fitted out the schooner in the United States, at my own expense, and was ambitious of distinguishing myself in the Colombian service.

A commission to cruise till the close of the war as a privateer was immediately granted by Congress; and I was informed by the vice-president, who presided over that august body in the absence of Bolivar, that I was at liberty to direct my attacks to any quarter which would most annoy the commerce of the enemy; but that he would suggest the propriety of my accompanying the fleet of Admiral Brion in an intended descent on the coast.

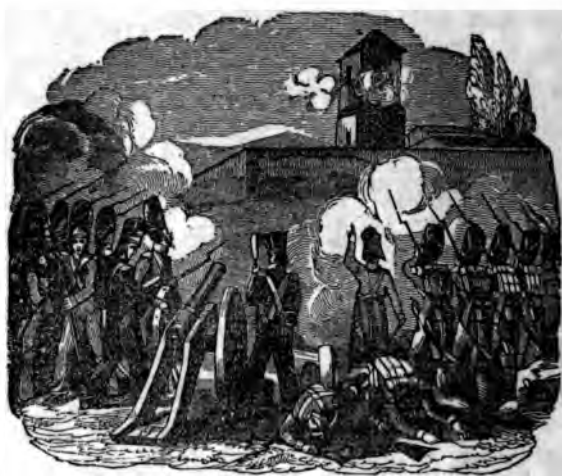
Although I did not much like this kind *suggestion*, I thought it best not to demur; and, accordingly, sailed in company with the fleet.

The general account of this famous descent on that part of the coast of Colombia, then in possession of the royalists, may be found, I suppose, in the history of the War of Extermination. At any rate, I shall not give it; for I do not care to be too minute about names and dates.

The character of the admiral under whose command I was compelled for the time to act, I must, however,







STORMING OF THE MORRO CASTLE.

. It is easily written, and every officer or seaman has ever had the misfortune to serve under him assent to its justice. *He was an ass.* Let no hereafter, doubt my ability in drawing historical traits.

The day after we arrived at the port, which was first object of the expedition, the troops, consisting of Colombians and partly of British troops, landed at an Indian village, about two leagues from the town.

The fleet then sailed further up the river to the Morro castle, which commanded the entrance to the river. This we cannonaded two hours; and, as we were supported by the division of troops we had landed, there was every appearance of its surrender-soon. But the admiral, who was fond of making assurance doubly sure, where he imagined that his own safety was concerned, sent orders from the ship to several captains in the fleet, to land detachments of their crews to act as storming-parties. As in the number, and had to take forty of my men on shore.

The Morro was carried with very little loss on the part of the assailants; and, as a matter of course, all the prisoners were immediately massacred. In this part of the business my men particularly distinguished themselves. Practice makes perfect.

I expected to be ordered on board again, as soon as the castle was carried. But I reckoned without my fate. All the seamen who had been landed were pushed forward to attack the town. Here was a fine

piece of work for gentlemen like us to engage in! Nothing to be expected but hard knocks. I submitted, however, and ordered my men to keep together, and act always in a body, whether we should carry the place, or be obliged to retreat. At the same time, I inwardly resolved, that if I could once get out of this scrape, I would never again place myself in any situation, where I should be required to play a second fiddle. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* has been my maxim ever since.

As the force by which the place was garrisoned was considerably inferior to ours, we had no difficulty in carrying the place by storm. A great part of the inhabitants had fled to the wooded mountains of the vicinity, on the first alarm of our approach; the remainder were put to the sword; and the conquerors had nothing further to do, but quarter themselves in the deserted mansions and palaces of the town.

I took possession of a palace which had been the residence of a bishop; and was situated in the rear of the cathedral. I was careful that no other company should come into the house but my own men. I stationed sentinels at the doors, and made my dispositions for enjoying some of the bishop's good things, which in the hurry of his departure were not even locked up. All kinds of delicate and luxurious provisions, fruits, and sweetmeats, we found in abundance; and on exploring the repository of the good prelate's wine, we found a priest belonging to the bishop's household hidden behind a cask of Madeira, where he had concealed himself, either from reluctance to leave the

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THE PRIEST GUIDING THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TO THE  
CATHEDRAL.

one of his former importance and happiness, or from vain expectation that he should escape the scrutiny of thirsty soldiers and sailors.

Poor fellow! On being dragged out of his hiding-place, he exhibited every sign of mortal terror, and begged and bellowed for mercy, as if he had been the only person in danger in the whole city. As one of my fellows was raising his machete to put a stop to his piteous cries, he screamed out a frantic promise to conduct us to the treasures of the cathedral.

I knocked away the sailor's lifted sword, and magnanimously offered to save the unfortunate man's life on his own terms. The keys which opened the bishop's private door to the cathedral, were instantly produced; and after furnishing ourselves with lights, we entered the place in a body, being guided through the garden and grounds which were planted with large trees. I could have felt some scruples about the sacrilege; but I knew that the city would be completely sacked the next day, and I was really apprehensive that the treasure might fall into worse hands. Besides, I made a vow to devote my share to pious purposes on my return to Cuba; and I have no doubt that my crew, who were good Catholics, made similar vows.

The images of the saints were speedily freed from superfluous ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones. But the thing was done reverently, and we assured the saints that we only intended to keep the ornaments out of the way of the heretical English, who were our fellow-soldiers. No saint was removed from his place, and none of the drapery was much dis-

arranged. I wanted to rescue some of the picture from the possible contamination of British hands; my men opposed this on account of the inconvenience of moving them, and the impossibility of keeping them concealed.

The altar-piece, which was very handsomely framed, attracted my attention particularly; not that I am connoisseur enough to understand the merits of painting, but the hollow sound which it sent forth tapping it, indicated a closet behind. I examined the frame carefully, and found a spring-bolt, on touching which the picture slid down, and discovered a little room, filled with boxes of various forms and sizes, most venerably loaded with dust and cobwebs.

The boxes were heavy, and it took three men to lift one of them out of its hiding-place. It was speedily knocked open, and presented a goodly show of silver knives, and goblets, of massy gold, with several small images of the same metal, and a small gold cross set with Peruvian emeralds.

The other boxes were filled with similar valuable treasures. The question now arose, how we were to carry them off; when the old priest interposed, and offered to furnish us with pillow-cases enough to contain the whole. He was speedily conducted back to the palace, under a guard of two sailors, and returned with the promised bags, from the repositories of good bishop's linen.

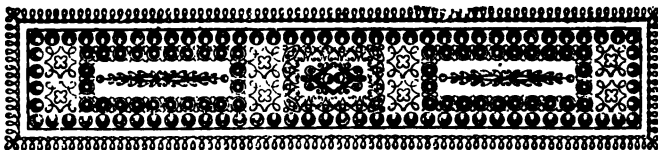
Before morning, we had disposed of our treasures so carefully, that we had no apprehensions of being called upon to turn them into the common stock.

h sailor carried a fortune on his back, concealed in a poncho or peasant's cloak, a knapsack plundered from some royalist soldier, or some similar contrivance. Our guide got his reward; for we did not put him to death, till just before we left the town, to return to the fleet; and we spared him all terror, for his head was struck off at a single blow, aimed by a dexterous sailor, who was standing behind him.

It would have been a cruel thing to frighten the wretch, after all the polite attentions he had shown us; I wish to avoid every thing like cruelty.







## CHAPTER XII.

LIBERTY.—JAMES THE SECOND.



**W**E were ordered back to the fleet the next day, leaving the city in possession of the land forces; and we arrived in season to embark just at evening twilight. In the night, a land-breeze sprung up; I ordered the men to get up the anchors without any noise, and we were soon under weigh; having bid an eternal farewell to the cause of South American liberty.

At my suggestion, the sailors who had remained on board, during our expedition on shore, were admitted to a share of the spoils which we had brought away from the cathedral.

The next morning we were boarded by an American frigate, showed our Colombian commission, and were very politely treated. I took dinner with the captain, drank liberty toasts, and heard liberty songs, and finally parted from him with mutual good wishes for a prosperous voyage. He, no doubt, considered me a disinterested patriot. So goes the world.

The Yankees, notwithstanding their boasted acuteness, are very easily deceived. They either cannot or will not see that there is any roguery going forward, where the people throw up their caps, and shout, "Liberty!" I have been credibly informed, that they believe, in the United States, that the South Americans have bettered their condition by throwing off their allegiance to Old Spain, and that they really consider them as a free people. One week's residence among them would satisfy the most arrant democrat that this is very far from being the case. Liberty! why, there is not the shadow of such a thing among them. You are not at liberty to utter your own opinion, or scarcely to think your own thoughts there, unless it happens to chime with the popular clamour.

Liberty, I suppose, if it means any thing, means the secure enjoyment of the rights of opinion and property. I should like to be informed whereabouts in South America there is the least security for either. There is plenty of licentiousness. The law of *might* settles most of their disputes, whether between parties or individuals; and the man who breathes a word against the favourite leader, or the favourite scheme of the sovereign rabble, does it at his peril.

I have been used to scenes of tumult and bloodshed, of violence and wrong, but not of anarchy and insubordination. I have seen some service, and had some hard knocks upon the high seas, so that I had become somewhat inured to rough surfaces before I joined the Colombian fleet. I saw enough there to disgust me completely. Rover as I am, I found that the patriot

service was quite too much for my nerves, and that South America was altogether too hot a place for me.

No, no! give me old Cuba; where every man is secure in the enjoyment of his property and rights, at least so long as he respects the king and the church; where the nobles are rich and generous, and the commons are contented and quiet; where no demagogue can denounce you as an enemy to liberty, and seize your wealth for the good of the country, and the gratification of his own cupidity and malice; where a plenty of law and some justice may be had, at least by paying for it; where every one minds his own business; where all honourable professions and callings are protected; and where even the honest rover, like myself, may carry on his business, unmolested, if he will not blow a trumpet before him.

I have thought, after mature reflection, that the government of our eternally loyal island regards the depredations which we free rovers commit on the North American trade, with indifference, from this circumstance. It is said that great numbers of privateers are fitted out from the United States, which enter into the Colombian, Mexican, and Buenos Ayrean services, and commit immense depredations on the commerce of Spain. Is it to be expected that the government of Cuba will be very active in suppressing piracy, when the government of the United States have never moved a finger towards preventing these outrages? I would put the question to any intelligent American, How many South American privateers have been fitted out of one certain port in the United States within the

at ten years; and how large a proportion of them we committed depredations, not only on the Spanish, but on all nations?

As a rover, I am much obliged to both these governments, especially to the late king, James the Second, North America. He was a very worthy old gentleman; and pardoned a dozen or two of our fraternity, who were awaiting the execution of their sentence of death at New Orleans. Some of those same fellows afterwards served under me, and were particularly xterous in slicing off the heads of Yankees, each of them having killed more than twice as many as King James pardoned, to my certain knowledge.—King James forever! say I.

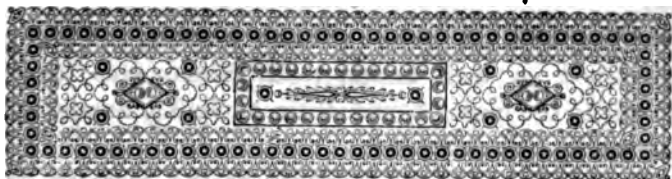
There is not the least doubt in my mind, that he is a good Catholic. But whether he is or no, I mean to give two doubloons to the Holy Church of Santo Domingo, in Havana, to be laid out in masses for the benefit of the old gentleman's soul. He deserves well of the cause.

But John Bull is a rascal. He hangs us up without the least compunction, wherever he finds us. He is a sanguinary villain. To be sure, he consoles himself and satisfies his own conscience, by saying that he has used his flag to be respected in the West Indies, and has thus saved more lives than he has taken. But we should consider what precious blood it is that he sheds—heroes—gentlemen—rovers. He ought to be governed by that wise moral maxim which seems to have had such influence with King James. Better that

ten merchant crews should be quietly tossed into the sea, than that one pirate should be hanged.

I hope the Americans will never make Field-marshal Jackson their king. If they do, the moment I hear of it, I shall give up business and retire. There will be no comfort in pursuing it under that man's reign. He will immediately cover the whole Western Archipelago with those scoundrel *mosquito fleets*, manned with long-sided, sinewy Yankees; and whoever is captured will swing. There will be no pardoning of pirates in his day, I warrant.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE YANKEE CAPTAIN.



**T**HREE days after we left the American frigate, we fell in with a merchantman, whose captain had the insolence to decline surrendering, and actually fired upon us with a miserable swivel. As he was under a press of sail, with a heavy sea going, the shot did us no damage, but determined me to continue the pursuit.

After a chase of three hours, we came alongside, and let the gentleman have a broadside, which appeared to occasion some confusion on his deck, as we had charged our guns with grape-shot and musket-balls. Still the obstinate Yankee refused to surrender, and returned our fire with three guns loaded with grape; which killed one of our men, and wounded three more. I then gave orders for grappling and boarding; and, as was my usual practice, led the boarders myself.

On reaching his deck, I was astonished to find only five men standing; the rest of his crew being all killed or wounded, and lying scattered about the deck, some

writhing with the torture of their wounds, and others stretched on their backs, their glazed eyes turned towards the heavens, and their stiffening hands still clenching their weapons.

I had little leisure, however, at the moment, for observing these matters, for the survivors met us resolutely, and two of my fellows were knocked on the head with handspikes, in the act of boarding.

I encountered the captain hand to hand, sword to cutlass. He attacked me with the greatest fury, and manifested a full determination to sell his life dearly. Never did my skill in fencing stand me in better stead. I warded his desperate thrusts till he was fairly out of breath, and then struck the cutlass out of his hand. At the same instant, my men, having disposed of the remainder of the crew, were hastening to my assistance, and one of them presented a pistol to the captain's head; I struck it away, being desirous to learn the motives of his unusual behaviour. Two men, by my order, held him by the arms, while I questioned him. "Why did you not surrender, sir?" inquired I.

"Because I knew that I was about to fall into the hands of a set of merciless ruffians, and was determined to fall fighting," replied he, throwing off, at the same instant, one of the men who held him, and endeavouring to snatch a machete from another. He was seized again, and I had some difficulty in preventing the men from despatching him instantly.

He was thrown upon the deck in the scuffle which ensued, and four men held him in a prostrate condition, each man firmly grasping a limb.

"Why have you thrown away the lives of your men?" I proceeded to inquire.

"Because they chose, like brave fellows, to die in hot blood, rather than be slaughtered like sheep. I only wish that I had shared their fate."

"You seem to be a fellow of some mettle. What say you to becoming one of us?"

"Villain!" he replied, "I should be justified in pretending to become one of you, and watching my opportunity to blow you up. But I had rather die this instant than spend another hour in such society. You are the offscouring of all creation! the vilest miscreants that breathe! the most consummate scoundrels—"

I turned away from him, and walked towards the forecastle. When I faced about, he was gone. I did not inquire of the crew how he had been disposed of.

There is spirit in some of these Yankees. This fellow, for instance, possessed courage, that, if he had been properly educated, would have fitted him for a first-rate rover. He might have rivalled myself, but for the absurd prejudices in which he was brought up. 'Tis pity it is, thought I, that such noble spirits should be chained down to the low drudgery of the merchant-service!

The prize was valuable. We found five thousand doubloons in the cabin. The cargo consisted principally of provisions. There was a quantity of Boston beef, tongues and sounds, hams and butter, besides apples, potatoes, &c.

I thought it a good opportunity to stock the cavern



with provisions, and accordingly stood for our old harbour. In doubling Cape Saint Antonio, we encountered a heavy gale of wind, and were in imminent danger of shipwreck. In the midst of the storm, when every one was expecting to sink, it was curious to see with what earnestness some of our bravest fellows were making promises of large votive offerings to the saints, if they should be spared. I was surprised at it. I had thought them perfect reprobates, in whose bosoms every sentiment of religion was extinct. After all, there is nothing like a stiff gale of wind for bringing out a man's hidden stock of devotion. I felt the influence of the awful scene myself, and made a vow to dedicate a golden cup to the Holy Virgin, if we should escape. By the way, I have not paid it, and must attend to the thing as soon as I am able to go to Havana.

We did escape, with only the loss of one poor fellow, who fell from the main-top-gallant yard, as he was handing a sail.

In nine days after the gale had subsided, we arrived at the harbour near the cavern, and began, as usual, to unload. It was in coming to the cavern with the last load of goods that I was run away with and tossed over a precipice, by that scoundrel of a mule; and here I have lain ever since, with a broken leg; which, thanks to old Rosa and my good stars, is now nearly well. I can limp about the cavern with a cane, and have been out several times to breathe the fresh air, and see if the vessel was in sight from our look-out on the mountain.

My crew are under the command of my sailing-master, who can fight a little upon occasion, as some of our enemies have found, to their cost. The immediate object of their present expedition is the capture of an armed merchantman, which sailed from Havana two days after my disaster, under the command of a man who is known to have given information which led to the death of three of our men.

We swore vengeance against him; and being apprized by a trusty friend in Havana that he was about to sail from that port, I would not let the opportunity slip in consequence of my being confined. The cruise has lasted much longer, however, than I anticipated, and I begin to grow impatient for their return. I hope they will bring that villain's head with them, when they do return. He is the most ungrateful dog in existence.

The affair happened thus : It was on my long cruise that I fell in with this fellow, in a ship from Charleston, bound for Matanzas. His cargo consisted of rice and flour. I ordered him to heave to, as soon as we were within hail, and went on board of him with a dozen men, in my boat. I demanded his specie, as usual, and was answered that he had not a dollar on board. I went into the cabin, and, on knocking open a flour-barrel, purporting to hold ship's stores, found three hundred doubloons concealed among the flour.

"Did you not tell me, scoundrel," said I, turning to the captain, whose under jaw had fallen several inches, disclosing a most cavernous and hungry-looking

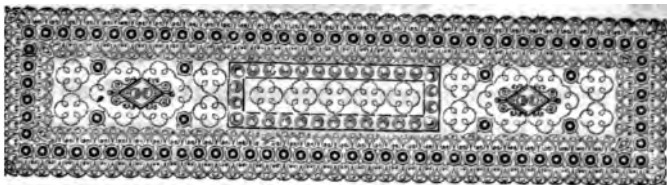
mouth, "Did you not tell me, sir, that you had not a dollar on board?"

"It is as true, sir," said he, "as the book of Job I have nothing of the money sort, but doubloons."

Notwithstanding this vile Yankee quibble, by which he told a lie, and quieted his conscience with the semblance of truth, at the same time offering me an insult unworthy of a gentleman, I let this villain off, and never harmed one of his crew. I only eased him of all his cash, and what stores I stood particularly in need of. Now, mark the return which the ungrateful hound made me for all this kindness!

When I returned to the cavern, three of my men were very urgent for leave to go to Matanzas and spend the holidays. I permitted them to go; and the very next letter which I had from Portuguese Juan, informed me that they had been seen by this captain at a cockpit, denounced to the government, condemned on the evidence of the same villain, and hanged outright, in spite of all the exertions Juan made in their favour. However, I dare say he has got his deserts before this.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### JOURNAL.

*December 10, 18—.*



I HAVE now thrown away my cane. My lately fractured limb is sound and straight. My health is excellent; pockets full; spirits above par. In short, Ramon is himself once more.

But still my vessel does not return. I marvel at the length of the present cruise. I must leave old Rosa to take care of the cave, and sally forth in quest of intelligence.

Let me consider. I must masquerade it a little. What dress and character shall I assume. I think I should like to visit a little among the neighbouring estates.

An officer? No, that won't do. I shall of course all in with other officers, who will inquire the number of my regiment. A traveller, an invalid from the United States? I think I may pass for an invalid, for I have lost flesh during my confinement. Besides, there are plenty of letters of recommendation, which I have

recently taken from invalids on their way to our hospitable island, in return for curing them of all their distempers by a little phlebotomy and warm water; although my prescription differed from Doctor Sangrado's, in that the water was salt, and was warmed by the tropical sun. But nobody will dispute my claim, I think, to the title of Sangrado.\*

Why may I not personate one of those rich cavaliers in the windward part of the island, who own immense tracts of pasture-land, and live by selling cattle in the market of Havana? I can count doubloons with the richest of them. There is one objection to this. These fellows generally wear the Montero dress, and I feel in the mood for dressing gayly.

I think, on the whole, that I will visit the neighbouring gentry in the character of a planter's son, from the region near St. Jago de Cuba, who is travelling for the purpose of purchasing an estate, with an intention of settling upon it.

This will do. Rosa, bring me that green hunting-dress and cap. It just fits me. Now the silver spurs, the silver-mounted pistols, and sword. I must myself perform the office of a groom, and saddle the mule I bought yesterday. Bring me the holsters covered with leopard-skin. Put me up some nice linen in the valise. There, that will do. I must purchase whatever else I may want. Take care of yourself, Rosa. Good morning!

*San Martin sugar estate, (ten leagues from the cavern,) December 13th.*—Bravo! All goes on well.

\* A play upon the Spanish word.—Tr.

I came to this estate the same day I left the cavern. The owner is an old acquaintance of my father. But he does not in the least suspect who I am. My whiskers are so large, my features so altered and blackened by exposure, notwithstanding my subsequent confinement in the cave, and my frame is so enlarged, that I am persuaded my own father would not know me. Perhaps I may try him.

On dismounting at the door of this hospitable mansion, the owner came out himself, and, as is the custom of the country, received me graciously, and invited me in, without inquiring my name or business. I soon let him know both. My present name is Don Ignacio Bermudez, and my object is the purchase of a large sugar estate, or land enough to make one. It is immaterial which.

On learning these important particulars, my host promised to show me all the surrounding country, (with which, by the way, I am better acquainted than he,) introduce me to his friends, (who were once mine,) and promote my views to the utmost of his power.

I was then introduced to his lady and half a dozen marriageable daughters. I suppose the old Castilian considers me no bad matrimonial speculation for one of these country beauties. There is the delectable Chucha, with her lustrous black eyes and slender form; the incomparable Senorita Luz, with her stately walk, and her graceful movements in the waltz; Delorita, the sprightly, laughing, little damsel——

Heavens! how can I trifle so. O, Juanita! Juanita!

how bitterly the memory of the past came upon me, when I found myself in the society of virtuous females, for the first time since I parted with thee!

Their beauty, their innocent gayety, served only to recall thy fairer image, thy purer soul.

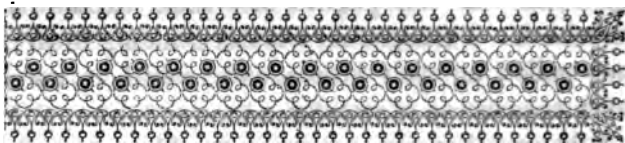
Ah, bitter, relentless fate! I can never know the joys of domestic bliss. No sweet prattler will ever call me father. No fond, confiding woman will ever lean upon my bosom, or honour me with the title of her protector.

How many such have I bereaved of husbands and sons! How many hearts have been rendered desolate by this blood-stained hand!

But I must proceed with my journal. I may not reflect. I cannot alter my destiny. The sight, the thought of a woman, the fairest object in creation—that which gladdens the hearts of all other men, brings only horror and remorse to me. The loss of her I loved, drove me to desperation. All the subsequent lines of my fearful history are written in blood.

Avaunt! ye images of murdered men! Silence! vain echoes of mingled groans and curses, long since hushed. Disturb me not! I do but fulfil my destiny.

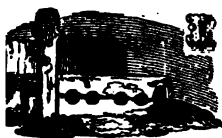




## CHAPTER XV.

### JOURNAL.

*San Martin, December 15th.*



HAVE been riding about the country *inspecting lands*. I have visited many of my old haunts, where I used to gather flow-

and examine their structure and admire their trivance with all the enthusiasm of a naturalist. These scenes are full of sweet and bitter recollections. Any a time I have been on the point of throwing self from my horse, and tumbling about upon the ss, or climbing after a passion-flower, or a parasite it; but the recollection that I had companions to order at me, and a character to support, restrained

It is curious how ignorant of natural science st of my countrymen are. I had an amusing ex-ple of it, at the time when I used to go out after ats. I had been out all day; my clothes were torn . soiled; my tin box, full of specimens, was slung r my shoulder; some sprigs of forest-flowers were ck in my hat-band; I had my pockets stuffed full olants, and carried vines and creeping tendrils upon



my back. In this plight I met some Monteros on horseback. I trudged on without noticing them; but they pulled up their horses, and looked at me with every appearance of wonder.

I thought they were admiring my diligence and zeal in the cause of science, till, just as I had passed by, one of them, in the genuine tone of compassion, exclaimed, "Poor crazy man! poor crazy man!"

I have had a great deal of serious chat with my host about lands, and the art of sugar-making, and the management of negroes. I cannot help laughing to myself, to see with what deference my opinions are treated, now that I am considered a rich man.

However, this is all amusement. The real business of my present expedition is, if possible, to hear something about my vessel. I have avoided asking questions. That is not the way to hear news.

This day my wishes were gratified in part. Some merchants, from Havana, came out to visit my host. We were sitting, smoking, in the balcony, after dinner, when the conversation happened to turn on commercial affairs.

"Not many vessels in from the United States lately," observed one of the merchants.

"No," said another, "they are afraid of Ramon the Rover."

I smoked on, and admired a beautiful moss-rose, which one of the ladies had succeeded in rearing in a vase, and had placed on a stand in the balcony.

"A cool fellow, that Don Ramon. He has given

the Yankees considerable trouble. Has any thing been heard of him lately?" said another merchant.

"Why, did you not hear of his sinking a New York ship, the other day, after taking out all the specie, and murdering all the crew except one poor fellow, who had lain concealed among the sugar-boxes, and escaped on a plank, after the pirates had knocked in the bow-ports and left the vessel?"

"O, yes, that is old news. We had that last week. I thought he might have been doing more mischief since. Was there not a rumour of his bringing a brig into the bay of Cadenas?"

"Mum," whispered the other merchant, "say not a word of that. Some of our neighbours have gone down to make purchases." The conversation changed.

Thinks I to myself, "Bernardo has not been idle."

This evening, while most of the company were listening to the Senorita Chucha, who was accompanying her own admirable singing of some national songs, with the piano, I strolled to another part of the hall, and fell in with a little sociable group; three of the young ladies, daughters of my host, were listening to one of the merchants, who was retailing wonderful accounts of a certain great personage.

"Who is this terrible Ramon?" inquired Delorita.

"Ah, there is the mystery," replied the city oracle; "he is a most extraordinary being, and affords matter of speculation for much older heads than yours, Senorita. Some say he is an old Castilian, that fought at Cape St. Vincent. Others, that he is an Englishman,

who turned pirate because, after thirty years' hard service, a stripling, a right honourable jackanapes, of no experience, was promoted over his head. An American captain who had been plundered by him, told me that he was a Frenchman. He knew it by the way in which he pronounced the English language. At any rate, he is a strange fellow."

"Is he always cruel?" inquired Delorita.

"By no means," said the merchant, "one of our captains, who treated him politely, not only escaped ill treatment, but actually received a present of three dozen of champagne from him. Then he never suffers a lady to be ill used; and has spared more than one vessel on account of the female passengers."

"I wish many of our cavaliers on shore were half as polite," said the fair Senorita Luz. "Is he handsome?"

"Our captain says that he is. He is very tall and muscular; walks his own quarter-deck like an emperor, and holds his crew in most absolute subjection. If his lot had placed him in a higher sphere, his talents for command would have given his name a brilliant place in history. His crew, it is said, are devotedly attached to him, watch every sign and look of his, and dare every danger when he commands."

"Does this famous personage ever visit Havana?" inquired I, at the same moment edging forward into the circle with a careless air.

"I dare say he does," replied the merchant; "most of the pirates visit the city. Indeed, I should suppose it was the best place for concealment, when they are *on shore*."

"Upon my word, I wish he would come here," exclaimed Delorita; "I admire a hero of all things; and there seems to be quite a dash of chivalry about his character. I hope that I shall see him, some day."

"Perhaps, senorita," said the merchant, "your desire to see a hero might be gratified without the risk of an interview with this desperate character."

"Indeed, I hardly know how," rejoined the lady; "in these milk-and-water times, heroes are a particularly scarce commodity."

"Lady," said I, "if you could pass a few weeks in South America, you would by no means complain of the peace and quietness which reigns in our own more fortunate country. There, the mother takes leave of her son when he sets out on an excursion of a few leagues, with as many misgivings, as if he were bound on a perilous voyage; the wife, in her husband's absence, starts at every sound in the street, and runs to the windows, dreading to see him brought home wounded or dead. Where the war rages, extermination is its law. The weak and defenceless share the fate of the enemy in arms. The Castilian blood which runs in your veins, fair lady, and which mounts to your cheek at the thought of your chivalrous ancestors, would, in that ill-fated country, be a sufficient crime to insure your destruction. Heroes are common enough there; for a man must be ready to brave any thing, to exist in a country so torn with intestine commotion. Could you imagine half the evils of a civil war, you would prefer these milk-and-water times, this Arcadian

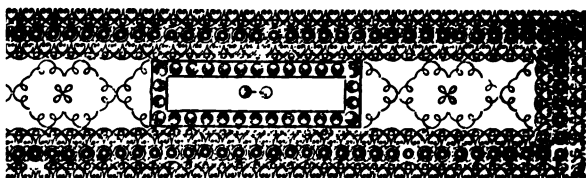
quietness, and the peaceful society of your country residence, to a sight of all the heroes who 'cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.' "

"O, don't preach at me," replied the laughing girl, "but tell me something more about this famous robber. Did you ever hear of him, before this evening?"

"Certainly," replied I; "no one can even *visit* Havana without hearing some of his exploits. But, as our friend here resides in that great centre of intelligence, I dare say he can give you much more satisfactory accounts of him than I can."

Upon this hint, the merchant resumed his string of marvellous stories. I listened a few moments; then turned on my heel, and left him in the middle of a tremendous battle, in which, according to his account, I enacted more wonders than ever did Paul Jones, or all the buccaneers of the old time.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### JOURNAL.

*The Cavern, January 1st, 18—.*



THE intelligence that my crew had brought a prize into the bay of Cadenas, which had fallen from one of the merchants in conversation, at the San Martin, determined me to return immediately to the cavern, as some of my people had probably arrived there during my absence. I accordingly set off from that estate the next morning, with many invitations to return, and many kind wishes from the old planter and his family.

Curiosity, or perhaps some other prompted me to pass through my father's on, and take one look at my *relations*—I wish I never forfeited the title of *friends*.

old planter whom I had been visiting, had me to call at the estate, little dreaming that it was my own father's, in order to deliver a letter of consequence, and had given me very particular

directions about a road which, by the way, I had travelled a thousand times. Being thus provided with an errand, I was sure of not exciting particular attention, and however bold the step may seem, I did not feel that I was running any great risk of discovery.

I therefore rode fearlessly up the long avenue of palm and orange trees, in broad daylight, dismounted at the door, and delivered my horse into the hands of a slave, who had borne me on his back a thousand times. He was a thick-lipped, goggle-eyed, ugly-looking fellow, but one of the best-natured, kindest-hearted creatures in the universe. He would have capered an hour with joy, if he had known who it was that carelessly tossed the bridle into his hands. But he showed no token of recognition.

I entered the hall. It was empty. The furniture remained nearly as I left it. But there was a certain air of desertion and desolation, which showed that my father's house was not now, as formerly, a favourite resort for the gay, lively planters of the neighbourhood. I had never seen the hall empty of visitors at that hour of the day, before; and the change struck me as ominous.

The door of my father's apartment, which opened into the hall, stood ajar. I had scarcely cast my eyes about, upon the old familiar objects, before a greyhound came bounding out of it, and, running to me, began fawning, whining, and wriggling his whole body with delight. He was an old pet of mine; and when I ventured to stroke his head, he burst out into a loud bark of joy.

his sound seemed to occasion a stir in my father's and, an instant after, he entered the hall.

It changed!—Though little more than fifty years he was bowed down, and enfeebled as with the age of fourscore. His countenance was pallid, and filled with care and sorrow, and he glanced round the room with that timid, imbecile air, which is the result, if not the symptom of utter dotage.

It left him in full vigour and pride of manhood, strong, overbearing, shrewd, observant, skilled in the ways of men, and not easily deceived; and it will not be supposed that notwithstanding the lapse of years I had expected no ordinary trial at this interview.

Whether those who shall read this confession think the better or the worse of me for it, I cannot help saying that, wronged as I was, I had prepared myself to repel his scrutiny with a haughty indifference, and, should a discovery take place, to answer his reproaches with scorn and defiance.

At the sight of my poor father, so withered,—brother-blighted, completely melted me. The whole flashed upon my mind in a moment. I saw at a glance that he had loved me; that his ear had been abused, that my brother had deceived him; that he really mourned me as dead, and that he was un-  
hearted.

My feelings on delivering the letter to him, as a beggar all description. I am a wicked man, guilty of no ordinary degree of guilt, but I am not heartless. There is warm blood still circulating in my heart. The ties of nature, which I had



supposed to be sundered by injury and outrage, resumed all their force in an instant. I could have thrown myself on my father's neck and wept.

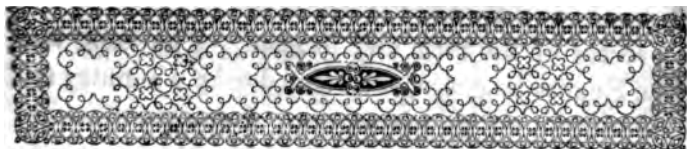
Suppressing or rather concealing my emotion with difficulty, I hurried out of his presence as soon as possible, and, mounting my horse, continued my ride through the plantation.

It was well that I did not meet my brother on my way. The sufferings which he had brought on my father, as well as myself, exasperated me more than ever against him. I am glad that I did not meet him in crossing the estate; for I would rather not incur the guilt of his blood, and if we had met, I will not answer for what might have been the consequences.

On arriving here, (at the cavern,) I find Old Rosa, who reports that no one has been here during my absence. She has gone up to the lookout on the hill, every day, without seeing any vessel approach the shore.

I will remain here a few days. Some of my people will soon arrive from Cadenas, and report the state of affairs there.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### JOURNAL.

*The Cavern, January 4th, 18—*



**Y**ESTERDAY, being rather tired of waiting here for the return of my people, I strolled down to the sea-shore; and finding a fishing-boat, with a couple of men in it, I hired them

to take me out to a key,\* a few miles from the shore. As the sea was smooth, we had a pleasant sail, and soon landed on the island, and began to explore it. For, although it was so near our rendezvous, I had never set foot upon it before.

As we approached a high rock which jutted out, so as nearly to divide the beach, we heard the voice of some one singing, on the opposite side of the rock. There was no vessel in sight. We had always supposed the island to be entirely desolate and uninhabited. Indeed, there was scarcely a tree or shrub upon it, and it was not more than a mile in circumference, and its surface was made up of rocks and sand. We concealed ourselves

\* A small rocky island.

in a recess of the rock and listened. The song in the English language, and seemed to be a countryman's account of his adventures. I can recollect one verse. It ran thus :

“And there we saw a lusty gun  
As big as a log of maple ;  
They had it on a little cart—  
A load for father's cattle.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy,” &c.

When he was tired of singing, he began to whistle the same tune, in which he appeared to take great delight, if we might judge by the loudness and sweetness of his tones, which made the rocks echo far and wide.

My curiosity became so much excited, that I crept up to the top of the rock, and took a survey of the opposite side. Sheltered from the sun by a projecting cliff, and seated on a piece of drift-wood, sat a raw-boned man, a fair specimen of the Yankee gentleman, dressed in a half-sailor, half-farmer costume, and reclining out at the elbows. His face was turned from me, but he seemed to be watching for the approach of vessels. He was evidently ignorant of our landing.

As he was entirely alone, I saw that there was great imprudence in accosting him, and accordingly descended from my lookout, joined my companions, and walked round the cliff. As soon as he saw us approaching, he jumped up and came forward at a brisk pace to meet us. I was foremost, and received his first salutation, which was rather of the familiar sort.

"How d'ye do? How are ye. I am very glad to see you," said he, holding out his hand to me. As I was not upon my own quarter-deck, I determined to be hail-fellow-well-met, if it were only for the sake of amusing myself by studying the fellow's character. I accordingly shook hands with him, returned his salutation, and inquired how he had come upon the island.

"How did I come here," said he, "why, how did you come here, yourself?"

I thought this an odd way of answering a civil question, but replied that I came from the land in my boat on the opposite side of the cliff.

"Got a boat here, have ye?" said he. "O! well, then, Mister—what may I call your name, sir?"

"O'Reilly," replied I, it being always a rule of mine to take a respectable name, when I am travelling incog.

"Well, Mr. Riley," said he, "why can't you just set me and my things ashore there, on the main land. I don't like staying here on this little island at all."

"Things! why, I don't see that you have any things; and as for going to the main land, perhaps, it might be doing you no kindness, for you seem to be very happy and contented here."

"O! as for that matter, I calculate I can get along well enough here, till something turns up. But I should like well enough to go ashore with ye, Mr. Riley, and I'll pay ye what's right, for your trouble."

"What would you be willing to give?"

"Why, Mr. Riley, what will you take?"

"Name a price."

"Make me an offer, Mr. Riley."

"How much luggage have you got?"

He took me to a deep recess in the rock where he had deposited a small sea-chest, a box of crackers, a piece of pork, a keg of water, another of molasses, and a matrass. In addition to these, there was a considerable heap of the beautiful shells with which the West Indian keys abound, and several bits of coral, zoophytes, &c., which he had been collecting on the beach.

Knowing that it was in vain to ask him questions, unless I wished to be questioned myself, I determined to lead him into giving an account of himself, by some roundabout way.

"These are very pretty shells," said I, taking up one, "I should like to make a collection of some."

"I can't let you have any of them, Mr. Riley," said he, "for I am going to carry them home to Varmount state, to give to my aunt Kezia for *curosities*. You see, Mr. Riley, when I came away from home, says my aunt Kezia to me, says she, Jonathan, now you're going to Portland, to get aboard of a vessel and go off to the Stingies, where there are mountains of sugar and rivers of molasses. Now, I want you, says she, to bring me home all the curosities you can find, won't ye, Jonathan? I told her I would; for my aunt Kezia is a very clever woman, and knows as much as Deacon Tibbets or the minister either, though I say it, who shouldn't. So, when I got out to the Vannah, I bought her a green parrot with red on his head, and six cocoa-nuts, with milk in them, and a great many red

Stingey beans. But the day after we sailed from the Vannah, we had a regular fight with a pirate, Mr. Riley. I stood at the side of the vessel with a hand-spike, when they were coming to board with us, which the captain said would not be right. So every one that come near where I was, and tried to get into our vessel, I gave him a lick on the head with my hand-spike, and knocked him into the sea, calling out at the same time to him, 'The captain says you mustn't come up here!' But they took us, Mr. Riley, for all that, and hove all the rest of the folks into the sea except me. The captain of the pirates would not allow me to be killed. I don't know why, but he said he would maroon me. He put me on this island last night with these here things, and said he was going into the bay yonder. But a vessel came in sight early this morning, which he called a Hornet, and he sailed away to the eastward, as fast as he could go, leaving me here all alone. So I walked about on the beach, and not having any thing better to do, I picked up these here shells and things for Aunt Kezia; for the pirates took away all my other curosities. So I can't let you have any of them shells, Mr. Riley. But I'll give you what is right, if you have a mind to set me on to the main land."

It was curious to see a fellow in such desperate circumstances, driving a bargain for his life. His courage was of that reckless, careless sort, which is just the thing in our business; nor was his immeasurable confidence in his own resources a less powerful recommendation. I resolved to try my old trade of a

recruiting officer, putting the case hypothetically at first.

"I should have thought," said I, "that the pirates would have asked you to join them, after seeing and feeling how well you could play with the handspike."

"O! they did, Mr. Riley," replied he, "I forgot to tell you about that. They wanted me to stay with them, and offered me high wages, too. But I did not like it. Bad business, Mr. Riley. Bad company, talking all sorts of French and Spanish. Why, there was not above a dozen folks aboard that could talk English, and they were awful hard swearers. Besides, Mr. Riley, it a'nt an honest calling. What would my aunt Kezia say, if she should hear of my turning pirate? and what would Deacon Tibbets and all them folks there, at home, in our town, say. I told the captain, I would not do no such thing, and he put me on here with only a little pork and molasses, all out of spite."

It is perhaps rather a bold and imprudent step; but as I am fond of natural curiosities, and could not help being amused with this animal, I have actually brought him home to the cavern with me, where he finds great cause for wonderment. All the time I have been writing this account of him, he has been staring about the cavern, turning over every thing he sees, and, exclaiming every half-minute, "Well, that there beats all natur."

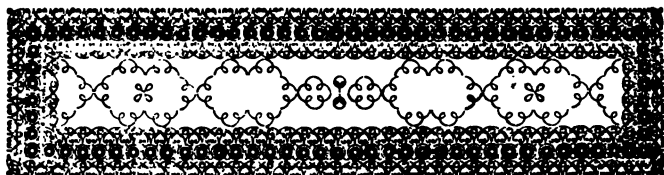
He intends to carry home some of the stalactites as "curosities," for his aunt Kezia, and believes that I am a country merchant. Every thing that is odd about

premises, he supposes to result from the customs of country. When I have amused myself long enough, I must find some way to get rid of him. I should not to harm him; but may be obliged to silence him in summary manner.

The information which I have extracted from him, is no doubt in my mind, that Bernardo was the man who spared his life. I feel some solicitude for my worthy coadjutor. Perhaps the American steamer overtook him. A day or two will probably settle the question whether the Eagle has clutched its enemy.







## CHAPTER XVIII.

### JOURNAL.

*At Sea, February 1, 18—.*



**O**NCE more in my own cabin, with my steel-hearted heroes about me, my brave little sea-boat dashing along through the curling waves, and the soft tropical breezes just swelling our canvass, I feel at home; I feel the old spirit kindling in me. I should like to fall in with a Dutch merchantman, and, after taking a few hard knocks, to sweep her decks with a handful of boarders; and then toss the heavy-bottomed varlets into the sea, and open their stores of butter, cheese, and choice Hollands.

But there is not a single sail in sight; so I will bring up my journal to the present time.

I waited thirteen days after my last date without hearing a syllable from Bernardo. This time was spent in showing my new protégé, Jonathan, the curiosities of the cavern and surrounding woods, and telling him most unconscionable tough stories about our West Indian manners and customs. In some of

se he detected me; for the fellow possessed the most singular mixture of simplicity and shrewdness I ever w united in the same person. So long as I confined myself to the manners and habits of the country, he believed and wondered; but as soon as I attempted to t off some monstrous misrepresentation of the nature things, some impossible fact in philosophy, or outrageous solecism in morals, he would interrupt me with "No, no, Mr. Riley, that is agin all reason."

In return for these civilities he sung to me a hundred d fifty verses of his favourite Yankee Doodle, a great many of which the varlet\* must have made as he went ong. He seemed to be well contented for a week; d then began to be impatient for the arrival of a end of mine, who, I told him, was coming from Hana, and would take him back to that city, and send n to his own country. He was apprehensive that should not be able to pay me his board; and when old him to make himself easy on that point, he in ed me to come to his father's house whenever I ould visit Vermont.

I really began to love the fellow, for he was almost e first specimen of a downright honest man I had ever et with; and I became somewhat anxious how I ould dispose of him, so as not to endanger the secret the cavern, without taking his life.

At last, the very day before Bernardo arrived, I acted from him a promise not to disclose any thing knew about me, telling him that my goods in the vern were smuggled, and that the place must not be

\* Picaro, in the original.

known to the government; and, taking him to a neighbouring village, sent him off in charge of a muleteer, an acquaintance of mine, who promised to see him safe on board some American vessel in Havana.

I think his account of this country will astonish his aunt Kezia.

The next day our little schooner came into the bay, under easy sail, and cast anchor about an hour before sunset. I was on the lookout, and on hastening down to the landing-place, met Bernardo, who had come on shore in the long-boat, bringing half the crew, and a quantity of doubloons. The first question I asked him was, "Did you catch the scoundrel who informed against us?"

"Signior Don Ramon," replied Bernardo, "he is as dead as Hernando Cortez; I shot him myself."

"Very well, then that account is settled. So come along with me to the cavern, and after supper you shall give an account of your cruise."

He was not slow in obeying my orders.

That night we had a splendid supper. The old cavern rang with our songs and laughter. The tables groaned under their loads of plate and cut glass. Wines of the choicest kinds, and of every hue and flavour, fruits from the north and south, and substantial viands from almost every country of Europe and America, were brought forth from our stores, to honour the festive occasion, and celebrate the happy termination of the cruise, and the complete recovery of the old commander.

"Well, Bernardo," said I, after the solids were

discussed, and the wine had begun to flow, "what sort of a cruise have you had?"

"Pleasant enough, Signior Don Ramon; we have had plenty of work, and have got a few hard knocks, and some doubloons."

"Yes, I see you have a clever heap of bags yonder. Some of our fellows swore a little at the drudgery of bringing them up from the beach. But have you not shared?"

"O yes, Signior Don Ramon, that is your share, which lies there. The men have all received theirs; and insisted that you should have a tenth of the whole."

"They are very considerate. I am much obliged to them. I had not expected to receive any part of the profits of this cruise. Where did you fall in with that Yankee captain, who, I suppose, is now broiling on the everlasting grills, for being a heretic, and an informer?"

"Signior, we fell in with him the second day after we sailed. He was becalmed. We got our sweeps, and sent the boats forward with tow-lines, and soon lay alongside of him, yard-arm and yard-arm, fought him fifteen minutes, and silenced his six guns; then boarded and swept his decks!"

"Who led the boarders?"

"I," exclaimed a bragging fellow, Justo, by name, who was always first at mess-table, and last at quarters.

"It is true, signior," said Bernardo, "he led a party of boarders, who were hardly in at the death; having left our own deck after the party which Toribio led had killed nearly all the Yankees, and got complete possession of the prize. Toribio deserves the credit

of terminating the contest. But it was my good fortune to shoot the captain with a blunderbuss, as he was putting his speaking-trumpet to his mouth."

"Bernardo, you deserve immortal honours for that same deed. Hurra, there! a health to Bernardo! Drink it standing. A health to Bernardo! and may he live a thousand years! Hurra!"

When the cheering was over, the conversation was renewed. The men were variously occupied at the different tables. Some were eagerly recounting their old adventures to each other. Others had already begun to sport their doubloons on the dice. At one corner of a table two were engaged at backgammon, and near them a third was carelessly strumming on a guitar, as an accompaniment to his next neighbour's song.

Some Englishmen, whom we had enlisted, were still at their favourite business of eating; having fallen upon a capital Westphalia ham, and some Cheshire cheese, and Spanish olives, which they could not bear to quit, so long as a morsel remained, and the London porter held out, wherewith they were washing it down. Three Dutchmen were making merry in their own way, with their short pipes, and long case-bottles of gin, while most of the Spaniards and Cubanos contented themselves with claret, sweetmeats, and cigars.

The choicer wines were discussed principally by the Germans and Frenchmen of the crew.

While the men were thus enjoying themselves, each in his own way, I proceeded to draw from Bernardo the remaining incidents of his late cruise.





BERNARDO GIVING RAMON AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CRUISE.

"How did you dispose of your prize?"

"Scuttled her, signior, after we had taken out the specie, a chronometer, and a quantity of provisions. She had no cargo worth meddling with. Nothing but sugar, coffee, and molasses. So we sent the whole to the bottom."

"Did not you take out her guns?"

"O, yes, signior, and all the small-arms, and the nagazine. I forgot to mention them."

"What was your next adventure?"

"The next affair was with a Boston brig, bound to Havana, with doubloons, after a cargo of sugars for the European market. She was not armed, and I was for sparing the prisoners; but Manuel and Diego suggested that 'dead men tell no tales.' We had driven them all into the forecastle. They were called up singly, stabbed, and thrown overboard. One of them, a boy of sixteen, and the son of the captain, clung to Diego's knees, and begged for mercy, till the knife silenced him——"

"Pshaw! hang your details and long stories. Get on faster with your account of the cruise."

"I ask your pardon, Signior Don Ramon. I had forgotten that you hate long stories. So, to cut the matter short, we plundered the brig, and sunk her; and then stood away towards Cape St. Antonio, fell in with a French ship, plundered and sunk her; with a New York schooner, plundered and burnt her; with a Dutch ship, plundered and burnt her; with a schooner from Charleston, plundered and sunk her——"

"And to conclude," interrupted I.

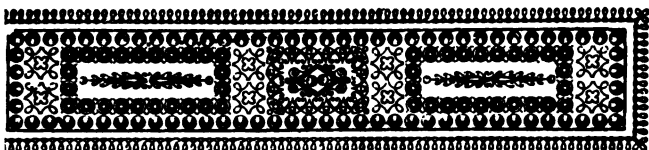


"We have brought home a round sum in doubloons and dollars, with plenty of rich goods, and choice provisions, with the loss of only six men, who fell in the action with the Yankee."

"One thing more I would inquire about, Bernardo. How happened it, that none of the crew came to see me, when you brought in a prize at the bay of Cadenas?"

"O, Signior Don Ramon, we were only there two days; for a messenger came from our friend Don Juan at Matanzas, informing us that there was a fierce Yankee admiral,—Admiral Porter, I think they call him, a real fire-eater,—who was just about fitting out a boat expedition, to scour the coast in pursuit of rovers. So I thought it advisable to cut and run; for he would have found us all at sixes and sevens, trading with Monteros, and city shopkeepers, and might have spoiled our traffic. I did not wait for a visit from his blue-jacket crew, but got under weigh in two hours after the news came. So I could not conveniently despatch a messenger to you at the cavern."

I was impatient to be at sea again; and, after a few days' recreation, of which the men stood in need, I gave orders for sailing on a short cruise. We have now been at sea three days.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### JOURNAL.

*At Sea, February 10th, 18—.*



It is done! It is consummated! My fortune is made. Now farewell to the ocean, and farewell, a long farewell to the free trade!

I had all along vowed, that when I was worth a certain amount, I would abandon my profession, and retire. This very day I have captured a French ship; and taking some trunks of jewels for my share, I find that they contain diamonds to an immense amount. These, even without reckoning the doubloons I have concealed in the cave, and the funds in the hands of my agents in Havana and Matanzas, amount to a far greater sum than that which I had fixed as my maximum.

Now I will retire. But whither? My late excursion in the country has completely sickened me of my beloved rural life. There is something in the repose and tranquillity, the strange, living stillness of the

country, which is at variance with my feelings. There seems to come a voice out of those haunts of undefiled nature, which speaks reproachfully to me for having deserted them in search of more stirring scenes.

No! I must go where there will be men alive and active around me, where noise and bustle, pomp and luxury shall fill up the void in my mind. I must enjoy every pleasure that wealth can purchase. I must live in the metropolis. Havana, Havana is my port, and to that queen of cities I will go. But I must first repair to the cavern, and transfer my property to the city, and contrive some pretext for leaving my crew.

*Havana, March 23d, 18—*

Well, as I am quietly settled in my new house, with my servants about me, and every thing in comfortable style, I think I may as well bring up my journal to the present time.

I got rid of my crew by a plausible story. I pretended to be very unwell with the liver complaint, and moped about the cavern for several days; and appeared so completely "under the weather," that my worthy comrades became alarmed for me; and advised me to go to Havana for medical advice. I objected, lest their interests might suffer by my absence. They insisted, and finally I suffered myself to be prevailed on to take a *most reluctant* leave of them, for a few months, taking care to leave Bernardo in command, and to make such arrangements that they will not much regard my absence. I told them, on parting, that I might find it necessary to remain at Havana a whole year, and have

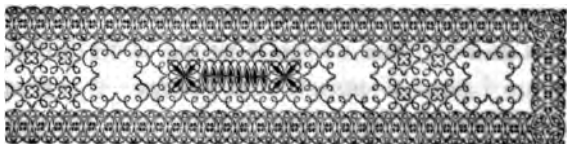
em, expressing at the same time my heartiest wishes for their success, and my insupportable sorrow at parting with such tried and excellent friends. May I never cast my eyes upon one of their scoundrel visages again ! I would give a thousand doubloons to hear of their being blown sky-high by Admiral Porter.

I have turned honest ; and will have nothing to do with pirates or pickpockets from this day forth. I am a man of substance and consequence in the world. I live in my own house ; keep my own volante ; have twenty slaves belonging to my domestic establishment ; and entertain the first company at my table. My name, which is no longer Ramon, I shall not write here, at present. But I will continue my journal, because I take a fancy to do so ; and that is reason enough for a free man to render for any of his proceedings. My person is so completely metamorphosed, that one of my own men would hardly recognise me. I used to wear immensely large black whiskers, and long black hair, which curled and clustered all over my head, and floated freely in the wind, when I threw off my hat, it was always my custom, in the heat of action. My dress at sea, was that of a common sailor, in form ; namely, the round jacket, and wide trousers ; but of the richest broadcloth I could find. I wore pistols, and a dirk in a black morocco belt, a machete, or sometimes a Turkish sabre at my side, and light pumps on my feet. My whiskers are now shaved off smooth ; my hair cropped close ; and my dress conformed to the latest fashion of the city. I hardly know myself in the looking-glass, when I am dressing.

With the multitude I pass for a rich foreigner, who has come from Europe to settle in this country. Those who know or suspect more of me, are as much exposed to suspicion as myself. However, I care not what any of the city may suspect, so long as the best of them are not ashamed to shake hands with me on the exchange, or bow to me on the Alameda.

I go to the theatre, to balls, and assemblies; I give entertainments at my own house; and although there is no female to grace my table, I have no want of agreeable guests. If I am not happy for the rest of my life, it will be my own fault.





## CHAPTER XX.

### JOURNAL.

*Havana, April.*



**H** GAVE a splendid entertainment yesterday to a party of gentlemen. We sat down to dinner in the hall, at six o'clock in the afternoon. A band of  
played in the balcony, and the whole interior  
adorned with evergreens, and coloured lamps.  
merchants were invited, whose consignments  
sed through my hands, without my ever taking  
le to remit the net proceeds. Some American  
man residents were invited, who praised my  
ines, without dreaming that the Champagne  
gundy were bought with their own money.  
ten o'clock the ladies began to arrive. Half  
afterwards, dancing, or rather waltzing com-  
and lasted till three o'clock this morning.  
es who graced this bachelor's ball were of

respectable standing. Some of them had noble blood in their veins. And wherefore not? They were entertained by one whose descent is as good as their own. I am a Castilian—an hidalgo—the grandson of a nobleman of illustrious name; and although I claim none of these distinctions openly now, my wealth, fairly won by this good right hand, places me amongst the proudest hidalgos of the island.—Having the actual possession and appearance of wealth, I am content myself with the *consciousness* of nobility.

*May 10th.* I have seen a strange sight, which disturbs me. I have been trying these two hours to sleep. But I cannot, and I have now seated myself at my desk to record the cause of this disquietude.

A gentleman called on me, this afternoon, and invited me to walk with him. As we passed a certain house, he said, "There is a young friend of mine who is sick here. Shall we step in and see him?"

I made no objection, and we entered the invalid's room. He was in the last stage of consumption. Every thing about him indicated that he had not many days to live. The fixed colour in his cheek; the complete emaciation; the long, low cough; the unearthly brightness of the eye; all told the tale of blighted hopes, and predicted the speedy termination of his earthly course. The poor fellow was literally dying of consumption.

My friend spoke to him of his friends and his home for he is not native here, but came from the United States, in hopes of recovering his health. He conversed cheerfully about his friends; spoke of his de-

a thing certain to take place in a few days; and gave some directions about his funeral and the disposition of his little property.

I had seen men die in a hundred different ways, by disease, by accident, by violence; I had seen them fall in the heat of action; I had seen them murdered in cold blood. Some left the world in desperation, some in heroic enthusiasm, others in sullen despair or paroxysms of terror; but I had never before seen a man like the King of Terrors with steady, calm composure.

In every instance before, where I had seen death anticipated, it was always with a most violent excitement of the mind. The hero defied him, but exerted his energies in the defiance; the sullen, despairing wretch met his destiny with another species of defiance; and he who expired in terror was the most awfully excited of all. None of them steadily, and calmly, and tranquilly awaited the termination of their lives. Not one of them evinced the cool courage of this young man, the strength of whose mind seemed to have increased as that of his body was gradually annihilated.

The phenomenon surprised me; and I hastily inquired of him, "Young man, do you not fear to die? do you not anxiously desire to live?"

"Neither," replied he, tranquilly; "I have been all my life preparing to die; and I should rather rejoice at I am so soon to visit that country which has long been the home of my desires, the haven to which I am peacefully borne, after the short but stormy passage of this life."



"But," inquired I, "do you feel confident that I shall be happy hereafter?"

"Indeed, I do," replied he, smiling, with an expression I shall never forget to the day of my death.

"And whence arises this confidence?"

"From a variety of considerations. I will mention but one. I feel in my own heart the love of God, of virtue, and a desire for the well-being of all creatures. I feel an entire resignation to the will of God in all things; and am persuaded that I could be happy in the society of those pure beings that be in the presence of God, and have long since renounced every base passion or unhallowed desire. I feel no remains of sin and imperfection still; but the desire to depart and dwell among pure spirits is strong within me. I believe that God will gratify that desire, and his own eternal truth has created."

He spoke with the steady seriousness of full conviction. He believed what he asserted. The notion, the horrid thought instantly flashed across my mind—if this man is destined to go to heaven because his *mind* is fitted for that pure society, whither shall I go when *my* fatal day shall come?

The thought is distracting. For what society am I fitted myself? Will not the very demons think my dwelling-place polluted by my presence?

I hurried home; shut myself up in my room, tried to reason myself out of the disturbance which I was thrown. But I cannot. This thought *has* engendered others. My mind has escaped

my own control. It runs from horror to horror, in spite of all my exertions.

I see the ghastly faces of those I have murdered. I hear their voices, ringing on the night-gale, and then suddenly smothered in the waves. I hear the shouts and curses of my men; and their hellish laughter at the terror of some poor victim, just about to perish.

I see my father as I saw him last, feebly tottering towards me, and gazing vacantly on the face of —— 'Am I not his murderer? No! no! no! 'twas you, my brother; 'twas not I that broke his heart. 'Twas you that first plotted my ruin and drove me to desperation. You are the cause of all my guilt—of all his sufferings. And yet you are living in the tranquil enjoyment of all that was mine and his. No, it cannot be. You cannot be tranquil, I know, from what I feel at this moment. Brother, you cannot be happy.

I will go to bed. I will try once more to sleep.

I cannot, I cannot sleep. They keep coming and harrying on me—those fearful spectres. That fair-aimed boy that clung round my knees, and grasped my arm, as the dagger came down upon him—O! I see his beseeching look—the tears coursing down his cheeks. I hear the shriek of his mother, who was held by the sailors while the deed was done. She could not save him; but she sprang from the men, and threw herself into the sea after the bloody corpse of her first-born.

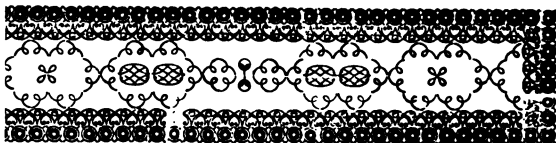
I have tried in vain to stupify myself with wine. I

have swallowed an incredible quantity since night—but it is all in vain. It only exasperates the evil.

O! what a fearful power is this of memory! How terribly the mind may be its own tormentor! Have I never felt this before? How was it that I could regard the past with indifference and levity, and the future with reckless defiance? That power of command is gone now. I am driven about by a thousand ghastly spectres. There? there! they come again. O! whither shall I fly?

The friends of that young American can visit his grave, and point upwards with a smile;—but mine!





## CHAPTER XXI.

### JOURNAL.



**W**HAT a night! I would not pass such another for all the wealth of Havana. I cannot bear to look back on its horrors, or to record them.

Why may not I hope for the consolation of religion, such as that young American enjoys? I cannot hope to attain them; I must do *something*. I cannot do so in my present state. The return of day has brought with it some of those horrid images.—But they will haunt me again at night, if, in the mean time, I do not find means of tranquillizing my mind. I will go to work immediately. I will make large donations to my parish Church. I will give alms to the poor. I will pray—O, Heavens! how many have entreated mercy from me, and found it not! How many have sought for the poor boon of life, and begged in vain! How many have hoped for my prayers to be heard? To which saints shall I address myself?

I will go to some priest of holy life, and beg his prayers and intercessions. 'There is one, Father Ambrose, who officiates in the cathedral.' I knew the venerable man in the innocent days of my childhood. I revered him for his gentle manners and his pure life. To him I will impart the story of my guilt, and seek his aid in propitiating offended Heaven.

Is the mark of Cain upon my forehead? My acquaintance look me in the face, bow coldly, and turn away. Some shun me and pass by on the other side of the way; and all look upon me with an apparent mixture of pity and horror. Are the inward emotions of my mind written upon my face?

Well, I care not. I have worse evils than neglect to encounter.

I have been to the cathedral; but Father Ambrose was not there. I wandered about that magnificent temple, and gazed upon the works of art, the semblances of holy men, that adorn its walls. I saw other men kneeling at the confessional, and then going away with an aspect of joy and tranquillity. But I would not confess at that time. I have reserved my confession for the ear of Father Ambrose, and no other shall receive it.

It is passing strange. I marvel that shadows, and dreams, and transient reminiscences, can so unman me. I have dared every kind of peril that men do most earnestly deprecate in this world; I have often looked death in the face, and borne pain and disgrace without a groan or a sigh. These were positive evils.

Those which tear my bosom, and threaten to drive me to distraction now, are only possible evils; consequences of my actions that *may* come. O! they must come—they will come! I shall dwell forever with the impure and unholy, with malignant spirits, and the unpardoned souls of guilty men. These horrible images of past scenes will return again and again. Those dying shrieks and groans, which I disregarded, will send their eternal echoes after me. These pale, ghastly faces and imploring eyes will glare upon me with ever-increasing distractedness. There! they are coming again—in the very daylight—Avaunt!

O! how could I steel my heart against the entreaties of the living beings, my fellow-men, when these vain semblances can so shake my frame? What a strange mystery is the mind of man! I, that once dared Heaven and earth, am now weak, timid, powerless as a woman; more fearful than the little child that peoples the darkness with imaginary goblins. And yet, I am the same man. I had a heart of adamant once—I feared nothing. I fear not death even now. But I dread that unutterable *something*, which is to follow.

I have dreamed. I cannot sleep without dreams: with what horrors do these mighty visions teem!

I imagined myself at sea. My vessel was becalmed on the Grand Bank of Bahama. I sat under a silken awning, adorned with flags; a princely banquet was spread; gay cavaliers and high-born damsels partook of the feast; music lent her enchantment to the scene;

the laugh, the jest, the song went round ; and to crown the whole, and complete my happiness, my own Juanita sat by my side, and all my crimes and sorrows were forgotten ; all that had passed, since I was blessed with her confiding love, was as though it had not been.

In the pride and joy of my heart, I rose to announce a sentiment.—Juanita smiled upon me with innocent fondness, as I raised the sparkling glass—when suddenly a wild and savage shriek told that my crew had risen upon us. Then came the contest. The blows fell thick—the knife, the sword, the pistol did their murderous work. Shrieks, and curses, and dying groans mingled with the crash of the demolished tables, till not one of my friends survived. Juanita stood before me, and received a shot that was aimed at me.—Once more I heard her dying cry.

Then came all my guilt upon me like a torrent.—The scene was suddenly changed. I was in an open boat, in the wide ocean, alone, and tossed upon the billows of a raging storm. But these were lesser horrors, compared with others that beset me. Each mountain wave, as I rose upon it, was studded thick with faces—faces of human beings in the agonies of death.—All the countenances of those I had murdered were there in succession, multiplied ten thousand times.—When my frail boat reached the summit of a wave, and I looked once more into the horrid vale that was expanding before me, a new host of faces appeared, and all their dying eyes were turned incessantly on me. Mingled with the noise of the roaring winds, their

, bubbling cries came to my ears—till, at once, all shrieked aloud, "Murderer!"

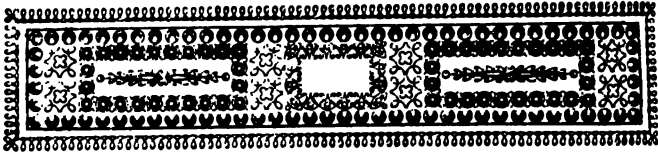
waked—the big drops were rolling down my forehead; but all was tranquil and smiling around me.

blessed sun was shining in through the curtains. Some little children were laughing, shouting, throwing oranges at each other, in a balcony opposite my window.

The sight of the joyous group brought tears—the I had shed for half an age—copious tears into my eyes. What would I not give to return to the state of childhood!—What sufferings would I not undergo, to recover the serene spirit of a happy boy!







## CHAPTER XXII.

### JOURNAL.



**I** HAVE seen Father Ambrose. I found him in his cell, near the cathedral. I was struck with his appearance, the moment I entered the apartment; but how greatly were my emotions of awe and reverence increased by his holy conversation!

It was in the evening that I at last succeeded in finding him. He was sitting at a small table, reading. The light from a large lamp, suspended from the ceiling, fell upon his broad forehead and strong features, and presented the deep lines of his face, and the massy proportions of his form, with fine effect.

He raised his eyes from the volume as I entered, and fixed them on me steadily, without speaking a word. There was something in that look which made my soul shrink within me; and I almost wished that I had sought some other spiritual instructor. To have a pair of penetrating black eyes peering full upon

you, from beneath a prominent forehead and singularly heavy eyebrows, is sufficiently trying, even for an innocent man, in the presence of an ordinary stranger. But to reflect at the same moment that you are a criminal, a sinner of the deepest dye, in the presence of him who first taught you the will of God, and affectionately cautioned you against the snares and temptations of the world,—to remember a thousand instances of good-will and kind interest, of confessions and promises of amendment, and a thousand crimes, the least of which were sufficient to forfeit the esteem of all good men—this is a trial which few could endure, and which, fortunately, few can ever know.

I stood before the padre with my eyes cast down, and my soul humbled.

"My son," said he, "I am glad you are come. I had almost given you up."

"Is it possible," replied I, "that you recognise me, after so long a time?"

"I have never lost sight of you. I know all your movements, all your errors and crimes. My position here makes me the depositary of much more important secrets than yours."

"Believe me, father, without any suspicion of the extent of your information respecting me, or any expectation that you would recognise me, without a disclosure of my name, I came here to confess, and receive your spiritual advice and absolution. I have brought a small offering for the Holy Church," I continued, laying a heavy rouleau of doubloons upon the table,

"and I propose to devote something for charitable purposes."

"There is blood upon that gold!" said the padre, "Dare you think to bargain with the eternal God for your salvation, and to pay for it with the profits of your infernal trade? Deluded man! Repent! Change your evil mind! Turn from your ungodly life, and become a new creature."

"Hear, holy father, hear my confession. Listen to the horrors of conscience with which I am tormented, and tell me then what I must do to escape from them."

His severe look was somewhat softened at this appeal. He listened attentively while I knelt and poured forth the crimes and agonies of my soul, and then bade me rise and listen in my turn.

He spoke of the pure nature of God, his unalterable benevolence, and his infinite wisdom and power. He then discoursed on the condition of man, and his relations to the Supreme Being.

"We are placed here," he said, "for trial. The experiment of life is committed to our hands. We ourselves *make* our own happiness or misery. We prepare ourselves for our future abode. We train ourselves up for heaven, or fit our minds for the dwelling of the unholy. The relation between virtue and happiness, and between vice and misery, is the immutable relation of cause and effect. It cannot be altered. We cannot purchase happiness with gold, given to the Holy Church, or with alms, or with penances. Happiness is the natural state of a well-regulated mind. We cannot even escape misery but by divorcing our-

selves from vice. Not all the treasures of this mighty metropolis, my son, can procure you an hour's respite from the tortures of your guilty conscience."

"I feel it! I feel it!" interrupted I.

"Is your mind in a fit state," he inquired, "to enjoy the society of the saints, if, by an exertion of Omnipotent Power, you should this moment be conveyed to their blessed abodes?"

"Alas, father, I fear it is not."

"Then your first duty is to repent; to turn from your sinful ways; to pray to God for forgiveness of your sins, and strive to banish every evil thought and wish from your mind."

"Before I retire——"

"I know what you would say. You fear that I may denounce you to the civil authority. But fear not that. I never use the secrets of the confessional for the purposes of government. Besides, if it please Heaven to allow you a space for repentance, it is not my office to hinder its designs. Go, and trust to my discretion on that point."

Such was my interview with the padre. I feel that what he said is true. Yet it is, I must say, very unsatisfactory truth. I expected that he would have gladly accepted my offerings, praised my good intentions, ordered a long routine of penances, and explained to my satisfaction how all these things were to benefit me. How widely different was his conduct from that of many other priests! And yet there is something about Father Ambrose which convinces me that he is really a good and virtuous man, and a safe adviser.

Besides, what he says is reasonable and natural. If I would escape future misery, I must become penitent. If I would inherit salvation, I must become capable of pure and exalted enjoyment, fit for the society of the holy.

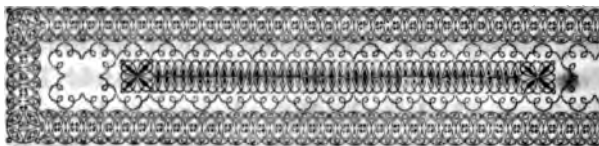
How great, how immense is the work which this requisition imposes! If he had required me to macerate my body by abstinence, or tear my flesh with scourges, or wear a cross of iron next my heart, it would have been a light task, compared with this. How can I change my mind? How can I learn to love virtue? I, who have for years delighted, revelled in every unholy work? As well might the poor black Mandingo, who is waiting at the back of my chair, attempt to change the hue with which nature has dyed his skin. I know not how to begin, or to what point to direct my endeavours. If, before, all was terror and despair, now all is doubt and perplexity.

The shadows—the horrible phantoms have disappeared. But busy, torturing, perplexing thoughts have arisen. The keen flashes of truth which have darted in upon the chaos of my mind, are momentary, but to a certain extent effective. They reveal the relation of a guilty past to a terrible future. A way of escape there must be; but as yet I see it not clearly. It is not enough to tell me that I must become virtuous. How can I? Where am I to begin? What is the first step?

“Change my evil mind!” Eradicate inveterate habits of thought, feeling, and passion! I am not able to do it; at least, not now; for I know not how to be

No bodily act will do it. If tearing my flesh, cutting off my right hand would restore me to innocence, or make me virtuous, how gladly would I do it! If giving my body to be burned at the stake would atone for my sins, how cheerfully would I make the offering! But I know that such acts would avail me nothing, since they could not change my mind. The mind, the mind is diseased.—Where is the physician who can heal it?





## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JOURNAL.



HAVE seen Father Ambrose and listened to the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ, the teacher sent from God, who saves men from misery by turning from sin.

The padre repeated many of the instructions of this Teacher, as they were delivered by him when he was on earth. As he delivered passages of Holy Writ, I remembered that he had taught me to repeat them myself when I was a child. Time and evil habits had in a great measure obliterated the early lessons of the holy man. Would to God I had remembered and made them the guide of my life. I should not now be the wretch that I am.

I inquired what I must first do; what was the first step in the work of reformation?

"You must not expect," he replied, "to perform some signal act, and immediately feel its beneficial effects on your mind; nor is there any one Ch

uty, by the constant performance of which you may expect to change your mind. It would be in vain for me to recommend that you should pray from morning till night, or meditate constantly, or perform acts of beneficence continually. The whole of Christian duty is imperative upon you and every man. I must therefore direct you to repent, pray, meditate, and give alms; to believe in the divine revelations of Christ, and act constantly worthy of a firm belief in them; to love God and to love your neighbour as yourself; to deny your unworthy desires, and banish evil thoughts; and to do these things constantly and perseveringly, even though your present distress continue, and you do not find yourself relieved from fearful forebodings and agonizing recollections. Your days of sin were many; your evil habits must necessarily be strong: I should be unfaithful to you and to my sacred office, were I to conceal from you that the work of reformation which you propose to yourself is no trifling task. It will require all your resolution—all the energy you can command. Pray to God for his assistance, and be not discouraged if an answer to your prayers should seem to be delayed. You cannot expect to change your character by a single act, or a short season of exertion. You did not become what you are in a moment. You may not hope to become a virtuous man in less time, or with less exertion than is required to make you a vicious one. You have exerted all your powers in the cause of sin. Learn to exert them in the cause of virtue. The very nature of the work must convince you that it is necessarily

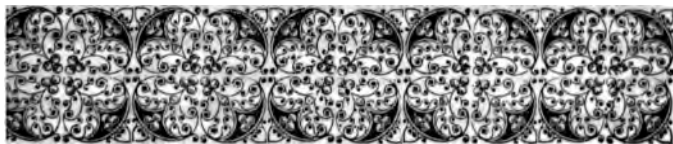


arduous. But you have strength of character, and therefore I do not despair of your success. Even if it were not so, still God is merciful, and I never despair of his mercy. Retire, my son; meditate on what I have said, and pray for God's grace."\*

His words are indelibly engraved on my memory. I will meditate on them, and try to practise the lesson they teach.

\* Padre Ambrosio seems to have been a rare specimen of a Romish Priest.—Tt.





## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JOURNAL.



**I** HAVE been considering what was my duty in relation to this journal of my life; begun in a moment of levity, though of bodily pain, and persevered in, for a long time, merely as an amusement; but, latterly, as a re-

lief from intense mental suffering.

How shall I dispose of this strange record? I have several times been on the point of destroying it. Not that I feared the effect which its evidence might have on my fate, in case of my arrest. I care little for the continuance of life, and have even thought of delivering myself up to the government, to expiate in some measure my crimes. But I have thought that this manuscript ought to be destroyed, lest the success I have met with, and recorded here, might tempt others, who should read it, to follow in my footsteps. But if they read the whole, they will not.

If they read what I now set down, they will not be so tempted to the fate which awaits crimes like mine.

No! even though they may hear that I lived many years in outward peace, and died in apparent tranquillity.

Know, ye that would pry into the recesses of the guilty mind, that misery is wedded to guilt; that all the treasures I have ever plundered from the inoffensive merchant and the hardy sailor, would not compensate for one hour of suffering, such as I daily undergo.

I toil and toil to subdue the tormenting power of conscience. I apply the arguments of reason and the hopes of religion, hitherto almost in vain. I believe that the power of God is adequate to restore peace even to me, and with trembling and prayer I hope for it. But the sense of guilt, the recollection, the shuddering, appalling recollection, of past scenes, exerts a tremendous power over me. I writhe, I groan in agony—in agony which seems to increase in proportion as I learn more of the true character of God, and the true nature of my own guilt. Even in my calmest moments, when listening to the heavenly conversation of Father Ambrose, or attempting to appropriate to myself the comfortable promises addressed to the penitent, my bosom is torn with sorrow, and I wish that I had never been born. But, in the silent watches of the night, when sleep comes upon me, when reason relinquishes her seat, and gives up the reins to imagination—then, then the thick-coming horrors crowd upon me. What distress, what agony do I not suffer in my dreams! Those bloody scenes, in which I have borne a part, are acted over and over again before my eyes with new and ever-changing circumstances of horror.

behold them, I act in them, not with the coolness and hardihood which characterized me, when I actually engaged in such scenes; but, on the contrary, with the keenest sensibility, the most excruciating sympathy in all that is suffered. I fly about the deck, I try to restrain my men from cruelty. I see every blow that is struck, and my flesh creeps with horror. I hear the cries of the dying, and my soul is pierced with their sufferings: all the accumulated misery of the scene falls on me. I feel that I make it all; that the guilt rests with me. Through all the bustle and noise of the action, a sense of tremendous oppression weighs upon me; a sword of vengeance flashes before my eyes; a cry of "Blood for blood!" rings in my ears; I fight without the exultation of heroism; I conquer without the joy of conquest; I kill as if my arm was directed by fate, and feel, to my inmost soul, even when striking the decisive blow, that the murdered is less an object of pity than the murderer. Strange as it may seem, though in these dreams I try to restrain my men from acts of cruelty, yet, as if by some irresistible inward force, I perform them myself. I stab, and instantly sympathize with the pain of the wound, and feel remorse at the cruelty of the act. I feel the anguish of the parting soul, and the guilt of the assassin who seizes it from its tenement.

Would all the treasures of India—would all the delights of years of voluptuousness tempt a man to suffer such a night as this? And yet this is not the thousandth part of what I endure, every night that I live. Then, again, as I walk about the city, there are a

thousand things that call up associations of guilt, and make me start and shudder as if a serpent had crossed my path. A weapon, a flag, a peculiar dress, a voice—these and a thousand such trifles kindle the flames within, that torture my mind and wither my energies.

The wealth and external ease which I have purchased at so dear a rate, and to which I looked forward as the certain means of happiness, have procured me such pleasure as if the gold were all melted and poured down my throat. I had scarcely completed my preparations for enjoyment, when conscience waked, and the gay ministers of pleasure and the bright visions of joy fled in dismay. No one comes to my house now. The very sight of my countenance seems to make men think of their own crimes and unrepented errors; and they shun me as they would an image of death. My very slaves are frequently petitioning for permission to seek another master;\* and those that remain seem to serve me from motives of compassion.

Let no man think to purchase ease and tranquillity with the wages of crime. It cannot be. The wicked man's wealth cannot purchase pure enjoyment. The hand of God has infused bitterness into his cup of joy. A curse, a burning curse is upon his basket and his store; he walks upon a blood-stained ground, beneath a frowning heaven; and the very features of nature's face, which smile eternally upon the innocent, look reproach and malediction upon him: the brooks, the birds, the stirring leaves, that have a voice of gladness

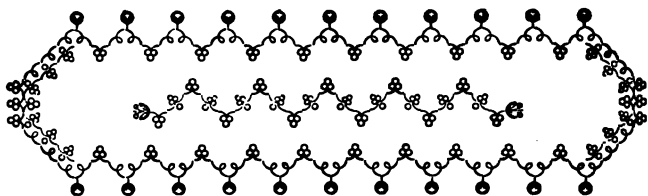
\* This the Spanish law allows. Any slave may quit his master, when he can find a purchaser, at a price which the laws ascertain.—*Tr.*

**for the good man, speak in thunders to the man 'of blood and violence. They accuse him of marring the fair face of creation, and awakening the voice of wailing and sorrow.**

**I feel that I cannot live long, although there is no apparent diminution of my bodily strength. I have a presentiment that I shall soon die. To make restitution of what I possess by violence and wrong, is impossible. But I will abide by the advice of Father Ambrose, in the disposition of this wealth. It can be applied to purposes of benevolence when I am gone.**

**I will also leave with him this journal. Twice I have carried it to him, when I have gone to confession, with the intention of leaving it for him to peruse, and return to me to be completed; but, on both these occasions, the perturbation of my mind has occasioned me entirely to forget it. I will put it in my bosom, and go to him again.**





## NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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**H**ERE the manuscript of Don Ramon ends. Probably the last sentence was written the very day it fell into my hands. The disturbance of mind which he underwent as he left the cathedral, must have been severe, if I may judge from his appearance—his distracted air and disordered step. This, no doubt, occasioned him to forget his purpose of delivering his manuscript to the priest; and prevented his observing that it had fallen on the ground, when he was passing near me. The reader has been already informed of my departure from Havana, the morning after I became possessed of the manuscript. Business brought me to that city again a few months afterwards; and it will readily be supposed that I was not remiss in my endeavours to learn what had been the fate of the pirate.

I was somewhat puzzled to know in what manner it would be expedient for me to conduct my inquiries. It would be imprudent to communicate the knowledge I had acquired ; or even to ask for him, calling him by name, or describing him by circumstances. It would be no compliment to any gentleman of my acquaintance to suppose that Ramon the Rover was one of his friends, as an inquiry after his health or prosperity might seem to imply. I knew not the name which he had assumed while living in the city, and therefore could not inquire what had become of Signior Don Such-a-one. All that remained for me, therefore, was to frequent public places, to stroll into the cathedral occasionally, and to observe if any of the persons mentioned in the passing gossip of the day might answer in character or circumstances to the object of my pursuit.

For a long time I could learn nothing concerning him. I perused thousands of faces in search of his striking lineaments, but could not find them ; I listened to many a tale of family quarrels and alliances, but heard no history which could be supposed to belong to the mysterious pirate. I began to think that he must have gone distracted with horror of conscience, as many others had done ; and I actually went to the insane hospital, with an expectation of recognising him among the wretched inmates of that house of wo. But he was not there. I then gave him up for dead ; and determined to think no more about the matter.

But he was not dead.

One day a Spanish friend of mine invited me to



accompany him in a rural excursion, on horseback. We were to ride a few leagues into the country, and attend a christening of one of his brother's children.

These christenings are grand occasions among the Spaniards, and are usually celebrated with extraordinary circumstances of joy and festivity. On the present occasion there was to be a dinner for a few select friends, and a ball and supper for all the neighbouring gentry.

We set out from the city, about day-break, in company with half a dozen gentlemen, besides my friend, and a retinue of servants and sumpter mules. We rode armed as is the custom of the country; and our cavalcade made quite an imposing show, as it wound along the rough roads, at a quick canter, each horseman raising his separate cloud of red dust.

At noon we arrived at the estate where the christening was to take place. We were most cordially received, and after being conducted to separate apartments and allowed sufficient time to change our dusty dresses, were summoned into the great hall to witness the ceremony. Here were a few ladies and gentlemen, friends and relatives of the family, and the priest and sacristan in their canonical dresses.

The christening was any thing but a solemnity. While the priest was mumbling over a Latin formula, book in hand, and applying salt and oil and water to different parts of the child's body, some of the ladies were laughing and nodding to each other; and a gentleman was snapping his fingers and chirruping to keep the urchin in good humour, while the rest of

he surrounding group, were smiling, yawning, ogling each other or looking out of the window, according to their several dispositions.

After the ceremony was over, we sat down to a sumptuous dinner, where wit and lively humour were the order of the day ; and songs, and toasts, and compliments went round, till the reeking coffee cups and that truly Spanish luxury, the cigar, closed that part of the entertainment.

Then came the pleasant twilight stroll about the balconies and garden, till nightfall, when the brilliant lights, and tuning viols, with the frequent arrivals of fresh volantes and other equipages, gave notice that the dancing party were beginning to assemble.

I retired to my room till the revels should be fairly begun.

When I again entered the great hall, I found a most brilliant assemblage. Not only the families of the neighbouring planters; but a large number of military and naval officers and ladies from Havana were there. The waltzing was already begun, and a tall stately Count was leading off, with a laughing little country sylph for his partner. Next after them was one of Admiral Laborde's officers, with the elegant Senorita Fannia J\*\*\*\*\*. Then came an officer of the American navy, with a Spanish lady of a remarkably commanding figure and beautiful countenance. My eyes followed her as she circled round the room in the waltz, and I scarcely noticed those who came after her. There was a fascination about her—her beauty was of that intellectual cast which is so superior to the mere

physical attractions of regular features and exquisite colour. There was soul in her slightest movements—eloquence in every glance of her eye.

As she passed near the place where I was standing, I observed that she bowed and coloured slightly. Her bow was returned by a person standing directly by my side, whom I had not before noticed. I turned to look at him. It was Ramon.—

He was much altered. He was thin and pale. His fixed, determined look, was exchanged for an air of sadness, and thoughtfulness. His dress was a rich and splendid suit of mourning.

The lady to whom he had bowed, soon went to a seat; and in a few moments he was at her side, speaking to her with an expression of interest that could not be mistaken, and welcomed by her with a smile that spoke volumes. I was astonished. In what character, thought I, can this singular being have come hither, and how has he acquired the favour of that interesting lady?

I sought for my city acquaintance, and soon found him among a group of lookers on like myself.

"Who," I inquired, "is the gentleman in the recess yonder, conversing with the lady in black?"

"That is Don Julio H \* \* \* \* \*."

"Well, I supposed it was Don something. But what is he; and where does he reside?"

"O, he is a Castilian, I believe, and he lives on O'Reilly street, in the city. Don't you remember a large white house, with iron window bars, in the shape of arrows, tipped with gilt."

"Very well. But what is the man's character and standing."

"I believe he is an odd, whimsical, rich fellow, gives splendid entertainments one month, and gets the gout or the blue devils, or something of that sort, and shuts himself up, or cuts his acquaintance in the street, for three months afterwards. For my part, I could never exactly make him out; and the only thing that I know with certainty about him is, that he keeps excellent champagne."

"He seems to be quite attentive to the lady."

"O yes, that is an engagement. They are soon to be married."

"Who is she?"

"She is an orphan, of high family but pennyless. She probably has an eye to Don Julio's doubloons—but here is Gasper D\*\*\*\*, who can tell you all about it."

The person to whom I was referred was a regular retailer of small scandal, and was called in Havana, the walking newspaper. Glad of a hearer, he took me by the arm, and forcing a passage through the crowd, passed out of the hall, and found his way to a retired part of the balcony; and lighting his cigar and throwing himself upon a settee, he began.

"You must know," said he, "that this Don Julio is none of your everyday characters. He was a person of figure and consequence in Madrid, and brought letters from a grandee of Spain to some of the first people in Havana. He is rich, and designs to purchase real estate and settle in this country. But then he is

the oddest fellow in the world. When he first arrived from Spain, he gave the most splendid dinners and balls of any gentleman in the city. Then all of a sudden, from keeping open house and being the life and soul of society, he shut himself up for whole days together, and when he was seen stealing into a church, or walking on the Alameda, he looked as if he had lost every friend on earth.

One evening, in returning from one of his solitary walks, he rescued the lady, whom you saw him conversing with, from an attack of assassins, as she was riding home from the Alameda, with no attendant but the calasero.\* The next day he called to inquire for her health, and the day after to know if she was perfectly recovered from her agitation; and so on, till at last, in return for saving her life, she almost cured him of his low spirits, and is about to give him her hand. One good turn, you know, deserves another."

"Can any one," I inquired, "divine the cause of his low spirits?"

"Something of religious melancholy, I suppose, for he used to visit Father Ambrose every day. I dare say he could tell. But these priests, you know are—mum—No questions to be asked in that quarter."

"Has he no relations in this country?"

"None that I ever heard of."

Satisfied with this account of Ramon, in which his success in sustaining an assumed character was pretty apparent, I returned to the ball-room to observe him more leisurely than I had done before. He was still

\* The driver of the volante who sits astride of the horse.

engaged in conversation with the lady ; but soon after entered, he was interrupted by a gentleman inviting her to dance. She gave him her hand, and, nodding graciously to Ramon, advanced with her partner, and was soon gliding gracefully through the mazes of a Spanish contra dance—of all dances the most admirable for striking attitudes, and chastely beautiful movements.

Ramon rose from his seat and gazed at her, apparently with the deepest interest, following her through all the intricacies of the figure, without seeming to be conscious that there was any other attractive object in the room, or any one observing his singular devotion. Suddenly his features contracted, as if a painful recollection had shot through his brain ; and he turned away towards the window. A few moments after, he left the hall, and I soon saw, from the window, a horseman dashing down the moonlit avenue at full speed, followed by a single servant, who, with whip and spur, was vainly endeavouring to urge a restive mule into a pace which would enable him to keep within sight of his master.

“He must be a wayward kind of suitor,” thought I.

The lady did not betray any feeling at his departure ; and when the ball was finished, she departed with her relations.

A week after this incident, as I was sitting one morning in my room, in Havana, the same friend who had invited me to attend the christening, entered.

"Did you ever see a Spanish wedding?" he enquired.

"Never," replied I.

"Should you like to witness one?"

"Of all things in the world."

"Then come along with me to the cathedral. That strange mortal, Don Julio, whom you saw at the christening, is to be married this morning. He likes to do a handsome thing himself; and the lady's connections are among the proudest families in the city. I think we shall see something of a dash on the occasion."

The reader will believe that I was not slow in complying with my friend's request. I took his arm, and we soon found ourselves in the Cathedral Square. It was crowded with coaches and volantes: ladies and gentlemen, richly dressed, were passing from the carriages into the cathedral.

"There is the bridal carriage," said my friend, "just driving up to the door. Let us station ourselves on the steps, and see the bride as she enters the church. We can afterwards go in and see the ceremony."

With some little difficulty, we elbowed our way through the crowd, to a suitable position for observation, and were hardly established where we could look over the heads of the multitude, before the carriage stopped, near the door, and Don Julio, as he was called, descended from it. He looked around upon the crowd with an air of slight anxiety, as I thought, and then presenting his hand to the lady, assisted her to alight. She was splendidly dressed. Her form showed to the

greatest advantage in the tasteful dress she had chosen; and her countenance was radiant with bridal blushes.

As they ascended the steps towards the church-door, a narrow path was opened for them through the crowd. They had reached the fourth step, when I observed a pushing and commotion among the mixed multitude near them, and suddenly a naked, brawny arm darted up above the heads of the people—a knife gleamed in the sunshine, and instantly descended into the bosom of Ramon; I saw him fall backwards; I heard the wild, agonized shriek of that fair creature who had leaned upon his arm, and the groans and angry execrations of the people.

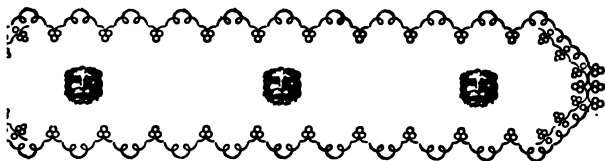
Fifty persons at once were inquiring, "Who has done this? Where is the wretch?" when a loud, harsh voice was heard replying, "I have done it." I glory in having done it."

I turned my eyes from the group of richly-dressed cavaliers who were lifting the fainting lady into her carriage, to the spot whence this voice proceeded. A savage-looking fellow in a sailor's dress—a red shirt, with sleeves rolled up, a red cap and white trousers, was held by the arms by some of the people, who had probably seized him the moment Ramon fell,—the tumult had prevented my observing the action;—his countenance was animated with horrible exultation, his dark eyes flashed, and his swarthy cheeks glowed as he addressed the multitude, who drew back aghast at his bold avowal of the murder, those only who held him standing their ground. "I have done it," said he, "and I glory in the act. He richly deserved his fate;



and, thanks to this good right hand, he has met it. I chose to do it myself, lest bribes and court favour should have protected him from the hand of legal justice. I dealt the blow which has stretched him upon the stones, there; not because he has murdered many innocent men, and robbed many honourable merchants; not because he was the scourge of the West Indian seas, and the enemy of all mankind; but because, being our captain, he basely deserted us. When he had grown rich by our toils and dangers—the toils and dangers of men whom he himself had seduced from the paths of honour—he meanly left us upon a false pretence; came hither to hold up his head among grandees, and be called a cavalier, an honourable man, and the relative of an honourable house. The lady's friends may thank me for having saved their illustrious line from contamination; for the man who was about to ally himself to their family was the most sanguinary pirate that ever spread terror through these peaceful islands: yes, the man that dared to aspire to the niece of a grandee of Spain, was Ramon the Rover!"





## POSTSCRIPT.

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FOLLOWING ARTICLE APPEARED IN THE NEW YORK MIRROR  
SHORTLY AFTER THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS STORY.

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### RAMON, THE ROVER OF CUBA.



**M**R. MORRIS, Having read in a newspaper, not long since, a notice of a book called "Ramon, the Rover of Cuba," I immediately went to a bookstore and bought a copy of feeling a more than ordinary interest in its contents, such as the hero of the narrative (who, by the way, is as famous in Cuba as Paul Jones is here) an old acquaintance of my own. If you and your friends will have a little patience while I tell the story in my own way, you shall hear all about it.

I was a passenger in the schooner John, Captain [unclear], of Rhode Island, from Matanzas, bound to New York, in the winter of 1825. The schooner was

loaded with molasses; and there was also a quantity of fruit on board, which, to tell the truth, was my own adventure. The oranges were in barrels on deck; the plantains and bananas stowed in bulk directly under the main hatch, where there was a break in the tier of molasses hogsheads; and the pine-apples were hung up in bunches in the cabin. A nicer lot of fruit was never shipped from Cuba, and if we had arrived in Charleston in four days, as the captain calculated, I should have made a pretty speck of it. But that is from the subject. I was going to tell you about Don Ramon.

Captain Marks was a clever man. I had been a passenger with him before. He was rather tallish and slimmish, that is not very stout. He used to wear a lightish coloured pea-jacket, and a drab felt hat, and had a stoop forward in his gait. He was a powerful strong man. When three or four lubberly sailors were pulling away without being able to start the top-gallant-yard, I have seen him lay hold of the rope above their hands, and jirk the yard up with perfect ease.

The schooner John was a long-legged craft, sparred out of all reason, so that in a fresh breeze it was apt to be damp walking on deck. I never rode out a gale of wind in her; but Captain Marks told me, that in a stiff northeaster "she beat all natur for cutting dirt." I have no reason to doubt it.

When we had left Punto Mayo six hours, with a light breeze from the southward, it being then about ten o'clock in the morning, we saw a sail in shore on our weather bow, standing to the eastward. Captain

Marks took the glass and made her out, as he said, to be "an infernal long-sided, black, saucy-looking son of a gun of a schooner, with raking masts and powerful heavy spars." In five minutes after he had concluded his description of her, she was bearing down upon us under a press of sail. Here was a pretty piece of business. Being chased by a pirate was what the captain had not calculated upon. We had a couple of six pounders and a few muskets and sabres; but what were these against a well-armed rover, which no doubt the enemy was?

But, for all that, Captain Marks was as cool as a peach. He ordered every rag of canvass set, for running away; and all the arms in order for fighting. Then, says he to me, "Mr. Smith, you had better go below and make your will, for I calculate that is a pirate, and if a fresh breeze don't spring up, she will be alongside of us in two hours." I told Captain Marks I was much obliged to him for his advice, but I had rather stay on deck and see the upshot of the matter. However, a fresh breeze did spring up, and the John gained upon her fast for three hours and a half, when it fell a dead calm. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond. The pirates got out their sweeps, sent their boats ahead with towlines, and were coming up with us very rapidly.

"Captain Marks," said the mate "what shall we do? It's of no use to fight."

"Mister Mudge," replied the captain, "we will fight. It's of no use to surrender."

"We shall all be shot if we fight," said the mate.

"We shall all have our throats cut, if we strike," said the captain.

"Then I guess we may as well fight," said the mate.

"I calculate we may," said the captain. "Are these guns primed, Mister Mudge?" said the captain.

"Yes sir," replied the mate.

"Put a handful of spikes and some musket balls into each of them. I don't think it's of any use to mince the matter," said the captain.

"I guess you mean to mince the pirates," replied the mate, as he was stuffing the langridge into the six pounders.

At this moment I observed a wreath of smoke issuing from the bow port of the pirate, and instantly a cannon ball struck one of my barrels on our quarter deck, near where we were standing, and made a very liberal distribution of the oranges among us.

"He bites before he barks," said the mate.

"I guess there will be some loss on that there fruit, Mr. Smith," said the captain.

"Schooner ahoy!" growled a voice through a speaking trumpet from the enemy.

"He first fires and then hails; that is like knocking a man down, and then telling him to stand. I wonder where the man learnt his manners," said the captain; and then putting his own speaking trumpet to his mouth, growled back upon his adversary, "Halloo!"

"Strike your colours and send your boat on board," said the pirate.

"Not as you knows on," replied Captain Marks.

The boats which had been ahead of the pirates towing, now slacked their towlines and pulled alongside their own vessel, which was nearing us fast enough with four sweeps. Our sails hung flapping against the masts, and the schooner was rolling considerably. The people, who seemed to have made up their minds to sell their lives as Yankees do other commodities, for the most they would fetch, were all intent upon their preparations for the fight. Each man wore his sabre, and all were provided with muskets except those who were to manage the guns. I stood near the officers on the quarter-deck, and, entering into the spirit of the occasion, had brought up my double barreled gun, and a sword which my grandfather, John Smith, wore at the taking of Cape Breton.

The pirate was soon broadside to, within pistol shot. Their sweeps were hauled in, and four guns were now fired upon us in quick succession. Two of the balls passed over us without damage; one struck the water before it reached us, and the other passed into our vessel's side, and made a considerable splashing and spluttering below.

"Captain Marks," said I, "I rather calculate there will be some loss on that there molasses."

"I expect there will be some leakage, Mr. Smith," said the captain. "Tom Jenkins," continued he, "let hem have a little of that there mixture on their quarter-deck."

Tom Jenkins was a regular old salt. He had served on board the Constitution last war, and knew how to

take advantage of a roll in taking aim with a six pounder. He let off one of our guns so cleverly, that its miscellaneous contents caused a great deal of dancing and hard swearing on the pirate's deck.

"Give him the other!" said the captain, and the second gun was fired with equal success.

So far the battle was in our favour; but a breeze springing up from the southward, and the pirate being in that direction, he bore down upon us and grappled. We flew to our vessel's side to repel them from boarding, but the horrid war-cry of "*Ramon y victoria!*" rang in our ears. The pirates, headed by their renowned leader, poured in multitudes upon our deck.

I saw Ramon himself when he first gave the order for boarding. He was standing on his own quarter-deck, with his hat off, in his short jacket and trowsers. He was taller than the rest of the officers, and seemed to look scornfully down upon them. When the second shot from us took effect among his men, he became perfectly furious. He swung his sword over his head, and pointing towards us, ordered them, in a voice of thunder, to grapple and board. While they neared us, he arranged the boarders, and placing himself at their head, was the first to step on our deck. As he did so, I took deliberate aim at his head with my fowling-piece, and let off both barrels at him; but the roll of the vessel saved the scoundrel.

Captain Marks, having discharged his piece, flew at him with a handspike, which he had providently hid on the companion-way. A dozen of the pirates threw themselves between the commanders, and three of them

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were prostrated by a single sweep of the handspike. Before he could raise it again, Captain Marks was pierced with many wounds from their long knives, and fell upon the deck. This was the last I saw of the action; for a moment afterwards, I received a heavy blow on my head, and fell senseless.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in a comfortable berth, the curtain of which being closed, I could not see what cabin I was in; although the light that came through the small opening of the curtains was sufficient to apprise me that the berth was not my own. I felt stiff and sore, and my head ached severely. I was neither able nor willing to move, and lay for some time listening to the rush of the waters, as the vessel glided through the waves with an easy motion. Gradually I recovered a distinct recollection of the fight, and all its horrible circumstances; at last, I came to the comfortable conclusion that I was lodged in the pirate's cabin, and reserved for some new exhibition of cruelty and malice.

I managed to turn myself on my side towards the light, and carefully reaching out my hand, I raised the curtain, without any noise, so as to gain a peep into the cabin. It was handsomely furnished, the paneling of mahogany, and the curtains of crimson silk. A brilliant lamp hung suspended from above, over a splendid centre-table, on which were disposed a pair of silver-mounted pistols, a richly-chased sword, and several books and charts. One of these last was spread out before the only person whom I observed in the cabin, and whom I instantly recognised as the Rover. I re-



member his looks, as if it were but yesterday. He was seated at the table, supporting his forehead with his left hand, and diligently examining the chart. His features were regular and very handsome; his eyes large, black, and full of fire; his hair long and clustering over his shoulders. He wore a fine jacket of blue broadcloth, and white vest and trousers, with a girdle-belt of morocco, in which were stuck a brace of pistols and a dirk.

When he had been poring over the chart ten or fifteen minutes, a boy entered the cabin with a dessert of sweetmeats and fruit, and a bottle of red wine, placed upon a silver salver; and soon after a man came below, whom I afterwards found to be the sailing-master. He was a coarse, malignant, sanguinary villain; and his character was written in his features. I never saw such a diabolical face; it was dark, swarthy, half-covered with mustachios, and bore an ugly scar over the left eye. He had an eye like a black snake; his very smile was grim enough, but his frown beggars all description. He sat down to the dessert with his commander, and they entered into conversation; but as it was in the Spanish language, I was not able to make out much of it. Ramon drank of the wine sparingly, the other freely.

While they were finishing their dessert with a cup of coffee, some one of the crew put his head down the companion-way, and in the English language announced a sail ahead. I shuddered, and threw myself back again in the berth, while the pirate-officers hurried upon deck.

For half an hour afterwards I heard only the rushing of the waters by the wooden walls of the cabin, with now and then a hoarse word of command from some one on the quarter-deck; then the growling voice brough the speaking-trumpet, "Ship ahoy!" I could not hear the answers, nor could I understand the hailings which the pirate afterwards made. When the dialogue through the speaking-trumpet was over, an order was issued to the men; and from the bustle which followed I concluded that they were clearing the decks for action. Directly the Rover came below, and began to prepare himself for the active scene in which he was to engage. He pulled off his cravat and opened his shirt-collar, tied a bandanna handkerchief round his waist, pulled off his boots, put on a pair of light pumps. He then carefully examined the priming of his pistols, and, taking his sword from the table, went upon deck once more.

You can easily imagine, Mr. Editor, what sort of reflections were passing in my mind at this time. Helpless and friendless, prostrate and half-dead with bruises, a prisoner to pirates, and just about to encounter the horrors of a sea-fight, without even the poor satisfaction of striking a blow in my own defence, or the prospect of deliverance in case the pirate should be conquered, and my carcass escape the dangers of the battle. "If the pirates beat," thought I, "I shall at their first leisure be flayed alive for an honest man; if they are beaten, I shall be hung for a pirate."

My reflections were interrupted by a broadside from the vessel I was in, which was directly answered by

another from her antagonist. A ball came into the cabin, passed right over my body, and, dashing the cabin-lamp to pieces, left me in utter darkness. The loud shouts of the pirates now rose upon the night-breeze, mingled with curses in all languages, and the groans of the wounded and dying, in the one universal language of suffering and agony.

Presently, a heavy shock against the side of our vessel made me aware that the combatants had grappled, and the clashing of swords and the report of pistols gave notice of the pirates' having boarded their enemy. Then the tremendous voice of the Rover, and the shouts of "Ramon! Ramon!" from his own men, were heard above the wild tumult of the fight.

The agony of suspense which I had suffered during the action now rose so high, that my feeble strength could sustain it no longer; my brain reeled; all recollection, all sense forsook me, and I fainted.

When I recovered, I was lying upon a mattress spread upon the deck of the vessel; and the first object that met my eyes was the Rover, bending over me with a look of intense interest and compassion. When he saw me open my eyes, he spoke to me in English.

"So, you are better; here, taste this." And he gave me a cordial. "Come, raise yourself up a little and look about."

So saying, he assisted me to lean against the companion-way, and I gazed upon the scene around me. It was a clear, bright day, and by the light colour and smoothness of the water, I knew that we were sailing

on the great bank of Bahama. All was tranquil and serene. The sea-birds were sailing over the waters, and the shoals of flying-fish darting out into the air.

No sail was in sight; but few of the pirates were visible, and those were lounging about the deck, some smoking, and others leaning idly over the gunwale, and gazing vacantly on the waters. The Rover sat by me, and watched my countenance. His truculent-looking sailing-master was stretched at his length on a sea-chest, a few feet from me, and casting occasionally a malignant glance at the Rover and myself.

"Young man," said Ramon, "you wonder, I suppose, that you have not shared the fate of your companions. I saved you because I chose to do so; it was my whim.

"I have a freak of that sort come into my head sometimes. I liked your looks; I took a sort of fancy to you, and said to myself—the fellow shall not be destroyed. Your safety has cost me something, and will, perhaps, cost me more. But I have said it—and a legion shall not move me from my purpose—you shall be safe."

I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and the pirate kept his word. But I have already made my story too long. To conclude, then—after staying a week on board the schooner, and entirely recovering my strength, I was set on shore three miles from Puntó Mayo, and found my way to Matanzas, and not long after returned to the United States.

Your friend and humble servant,

JACOBUS JOHN SMITH.

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## THE BRAZILIAN.

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### CHAPTER I.



**N**o traveller who goes to the city of Rio de Janeiro, will choose to omit a visit to the Palace of Saint Christovao, situated about a

gue from that splendid capital. Not that the palace self has any special attraction, for it is a huge, misopen pile, built without any regular plan, presenting specimens of every order of architecture, and almost every possible violation of architectural harmony and duty; but the surrounding scenery will richly repay the visitor for the trouble of his ride. The palace is situated on a little eminence in the centre of one of the richest vales in the world. The gorgeous beauty of the tropical vegetation is lavishly poured out upon the surrounding slopes. Fields of coffee, tea, and sugar-



canes smiling with unfailing verdure ; groves of orange trees, plantains and bananas—the tall palm, with its straight pillar-like trunk and its tuft of branches spreading out at top ; the *bignonia leucoxylon*, which is supposed by the country people to foretell rain by the appearance of its beautiful blossoms ; the Brazilian myrtle, rendered conspicuous by its silver coloured bark ; the mango, with its dark spreading foliage, and the *Bourgainvillia Braziliensis*, with its dazzling red flowers, and a thousand other luxuriant trees and flowering shrubs, combine to form a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The vale is completely surrounded with mountains, some stretching gradually away into the blue distance, and others rising abruptly in sharp peaks which pierce the clouds. On one side the sugar loaf is seen elevating its huge form above the surrounding summits. On another an assemblage of narrow rocky peaks, presents so near a resemblance to the show pipes of a church organ, as to have procured for it the name of the Organ Mountain. Other summits, which are visible from the vale, have received names appropriate to their fancied resemblance to some familiar object, as the Parrot's Beak, &c.

This amphitheatre of mountains, receding in due perspective, lends an imposing grandeur which adds not a little to the effect of the whole scene. Many an admirer of nature has felt new emotions of admiration on beholding it, and acknowledged that if the northern landscape lays exclusive claim to the soft witchery of pastoral quietness and moral simplicity, the southern

pre-eminent in gorgeous splendour and imposing blimity.

On the borders of this vale, a few years since, was to be seen the retired country seat of Don Ignacio Pereira, a merchant, who, with his family, consisting of a wife, an only son, and a few domestics, had left the city to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, and the society of such of his friends as chose to make his hospitable dwelling an occasional resort.

The young Luis was rendered peculiarly dear to his parents, not only by his noble and generous disposition and his fine abilities, but by the circumstance of his being the only survivor of a numerous family. Nothing had been spared to render his education complete but a tour abroad, and to this his fond parents could never bring themselves to consent;—nor did the youth desire it. He loved his own country, colony as it then was. He delighted to rove among the deep shades of the forest, to watch the frolics of the various tribes of monkeys which enliven its solitudes with their chattering; to listen to the metallic tones of the bell-bird, and admire the rich plumage of the thousands of feathered inhabitants of the air, which swarm among the ever-verdant groves of Brazil.

Among the tutors who had at different periods directed Luis's studies, was an Italian, who had been engaged for the purpose of teaching him the language of Dante and Tasso, as an elegant accomplishment. When his father retired from the city, Luis, who had

then arrived at the age of nineteen, had completely acquired the language, and he purchased a greater part of his teacher's library, (which consisted of a few choice Italian books,) to read in the country.

It was the reading of these that gave the colour to his fate. His warm southern imagination and generous spirit needed but the fervid images of Ariosto, and the heroic story of Botta, to render him a perfect child of romance. The impression made on his ardent mind, by reading the eloquent history of the War of Independence, was heightened by the interesting state of his country,—a vast territory, rich in every resource of national grandeur, yet owning the despotic sway of an insignificant and distant kingdom, possessing every element of a separate sovereignty, yet remaining in the most abject vassalage. The conversations of enlightened foreigners at his father's table, and the rumours of the war which reached him from the neighbouring colonies, who were striving to throw off the Spanish yoke, also contributed to fire his young bosom with patriotic hopes and purposes.

He resolved to devote himself to the cause of his country. But how was he to learn the 'military art? There was then no promise of a revolution—no army of patriots—no mention of that national independence for which he so ardently longed. The power and resources of the country predicted its future destiny; but no one seemed to have listened to the prophecy. He felt assured that an opportunity would ere long arrive for him to signalize himself as he desired, and collecting that many of the patriotic officers in Wash-

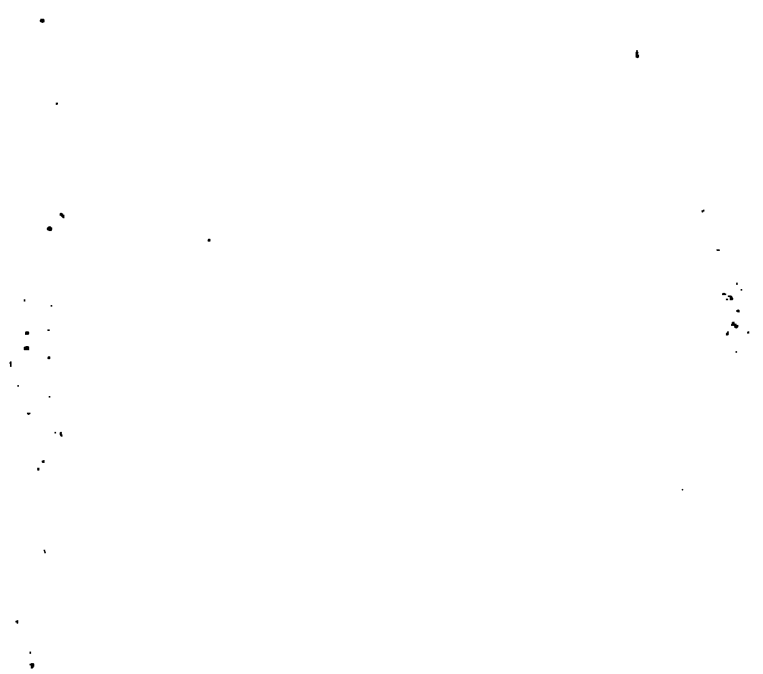
ington's army had served under the British banner, he besought his father to allow him to enter the royal service. This was for a long time tenaciously opposed, because it would occasion a separation. Luis's sense of filial duty was too strong to allow him for a moment to entertain a thought of resisting his father's authority, and the refusal of his request was a serious misfortune. He brooded over his drooping hopes in secret, avoided society, neglected his studies, and wandered in the groves of the beautiful valley for whole days together. At length his health began to decline, and his parents becoming seriously alarmed and fearful of losing him, by opposing his inclination any longer, consented to his becoming an officer in one of the regiments stationed at Rio. A lieutenant's commission was obtained without difficulty, and the young gentleman addressed himself with all his accustomed ardour to learning the art of war. It happened, however, that for a long time there was no active service for him, although the king of Portugal was then contending for possession of the Banda Oriental. His prudent father, without his knowledge, had exercised his influence so successfully with the government, as to prevent his being ordered away, and Luis's acquisitions were, for the present, confined to the mere tactics of the parade. When a year had been passed in this manner, the court of Portugal, which had been compelled to emigrate from their mother country, in the year 1807, and had since been fixed at Rio, returned to Lisbon, the son of the king, Don Pedro, being left in the office of regent. Soon after this event, Luis was

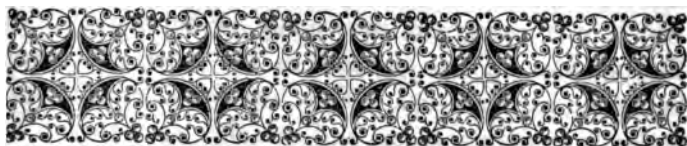
surprised and delighted at receiving an order to join a regiment which was to depart immediately for the Banda Oriental, the seat of war. But his pleasure was somewhat diminished by the suddenness of the notice, which did not even allow him time to visit his parents. In an hour after he first received order to depart, he was on the march.





THE BRAZILIAN.





## CHAPTER II.



THE boundary between the Portuguese possessions in South America and those of Spain, had been a subject of dispute between the two nations from an early period of its history; and the Portuguese had made frequent attempts to extend its limits to La Plata. After the emigration of the royal family to Brazil, it had become an object of comparatively greater importance to obtain the territory east of the river, called the Banda Oriental, and the favourable opportunity afforded by the civil war in Buenos Ayres had been embraced by the Brazilian government to invade that country with a powerful force and seize the capital, Monte Video. The patriots, however, still continued to occupy many other important stations in the vicinity, cutting off the supplies of the Portuguese, and maintaining a species of guerilla warfare, which kept the garrison in constant vigilance and frequent action. The



most efficient force of the patriots was their calvary, which was composed principally of herdsmen from the pampas. These people are the most dexterous horsemen in the world. They are trained to the exercise from their infancy, and are also accustomed to the use of the lasso, which is a thong or cord of hide, several yards in length, fastened by an iron ring to the saddle. It is thrown with astonishing dexterity while on horseback at full speed, and scarcely ever fails to arrest the swiftest animal, the horse bracing himself so as to counteract the efforts of the entangled game to escape. Having been long engaged in the civil wars, these Guachos, as they are called, had become as expert in the use of the musket on horseback, as of the lasso, and their activity, hardiness, and courage, combined to render them the most formidable guerilla soldiery that ever existed.

It was with such an enemy that Luis was called upon to contend in his first actions, in which the coolness and discipline of a regular soldiery would have proved of little avail, but for the great superiority of the Portuguese force. They were able to retain the city of Monte Video, and to seize upon other considerable posts in the Banda Oriental, but could by no means subjugate the country or drive out these intolerable Guachos, who harassed them continually and cut off the supplies sent from the interior.

The service on which he was employed proved an admirable school for our young Brazilian, who distinguished himself in many of the actions which were constantly taking place, so that when he had been two

ears in this region, he was appointed to the command of a company. Soon after his promotion, and while he was stationed in Monte Video, he removed his quarters to a house directly opposite the residence of the captain of the port. The evening after his removal, he was sitting in his chamber, with his window curtains drawn aside so as to admit the free current of the evening breeze. His thoughts wandered back to the home of his youth, the beloved friends from whom he had so long been separated, and those scenes of domestic happiness and rural repose which were regarded with a fonder feeling of regret from the days of turbulence and strife which had succeeded them. He recollected that at the twilight hour, music had been his favourite amusement. "Bring me my guitar, Manuel," said he to a favourite servant. The instrument was brought; he had not handled it for months. He tuned it, and began a plaintive, touching air, "pleasant and mournful to the soul, like the memory of joys that are past." The music which he had resorted to, as a relief from melancholy reflections, seemed rather to increase them. He laid the guitar on the table, and resting his forehead on his hand, was lost in thought. A peal of cannon from the fort broke his meditations; it was only an ordinary salute; but to the ear of a soldier, there is always something to stir the spirit in that sound. Coming on his ear at that moment, it revived all his youthful dreams of his country's glory. He caught up the guitar, and accompanying his voice with it, sung a bold martial air. His manly tones made the spacious chamber ring, and were borne far out upon

the evening breeze. As he paused in the song, a rich curtain slowly withdrawn in the house opposite side of the street, and presently a slender male figure appeared, leaning against the upright of the window. From the place where he sat could watch her unobserved. By the light of the moon, which fell strongly upon the window, he perceived that she was elegantly dressed and most gracefully formed, but her countenance was shaded from view by her arm against which she rested her head; she appeared to be attentively listening to his song.

It is hardly necessary to say that he repeated the song, and it was followed by several others, of the same character. The lady scarcely moved, except occasionally to lean a little forward as if to catch every tone of his voice. Emboldened by this tacit applause, Luis varied his song; he sung a comic national air, and was followed by several others with equal attention. Recollecting a little Italian song which had been taught him by his tutor, he advanced nearer to the window, and sang it in his softest tones, accompanying it with but an occasional strum of the guitar. He had scarcely finished a verse when the figure suddenly receded from the window, and the curtain was dropped.

Luis's romantic spirit was fired by this little scene; there was every thing in it to excite the liveliest interest. He had heard, among the officers of the garrison, that the captain of the port had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, but he had never seen her. His military life at Monte Video had been too full of other occupations to admit of his visiting among the inhabitants.

The fair one who had listened to his songs was probably no other than this lady. At any rate, she was a person of rank and education, and what was better, one of the strictest delicacy, for she had evidently understood the words of the Italian song—had perceived their application to herself, and had withdrawn from the window the moment she had any reason to suppose herself to be observed.

Evening after evening, Luis repeated his music, but the fair incognita appeared no more at the window. The curtain was frequently drawn aside, and more than once the action discovered a slender white arm; but no more was revealed to his inquiring eye. He ardently desired an introduction to the family, but his softness of spirit, and his delicacy, both forbade his begging of a brother officer to introduce him, and he began to despair of ever becoming acquainted with his fair neighbour, when, on the intelligence of a victory gained in a distant part of the province, the captain gave a splendid entertainment, and every officer on the station was invited.

Luis received his invitation with a strange sort of feeling. It was the very thing he had been desiring for a whole month, and yet when he held the billet in his hand, and remembered that it would introduce him into the presence of that fair being (for he had already settled it in his mind that she was surpassingly fair) concerning whom he felt such an undefinable interest—when he recollected that he was first to meet her amidst a crowd of gay company, he felt more than half disposed to stay away. He had wished to meet



her alone, in some citron grove, through which soft breezes were playing, and the pale light of the moon was breaking; and there was something so unromantic, so commonplace in this, that he felt a sort of disappointment in it. Recollecting, however, that it was probably his only chance, he resolved to go; and, arraying his elegant figure in a handsome uniform, he entered the ball-room at an early hour, with emotions of embarrassment such as he had never felt before. The spacious rooms of the captain's mansion were elegantly decorated; the adjoining galleries brilliantly lighted up with variegated lamps, and the square court filled with shrubbery, tastefully arranged so as to form agreeable promenades.

Luis dared not ask for an introduction to the lady on whom his thoughts had lately dwelt so constantly, but his eyes sought her figure in every group of dancers. Many a fair one did he watch through the many windings of the waltzing contra-dance, where the graceful movements of the arms and bendings of the slender form discover the most pleasing varieties of attitude and air. He strove to find a resemblance to that moonlight piece of living statuary which possessed his warm fancy. But he strove in vain. Disappointed in his expectations, but still determined not to make any inquiries on the subject of his inmost thoughts, he strolled into the court, and wandered among the flowering shrubs and waving streamers which hung from the surrounding balconies. He wandered about, now meeting a laughing group from the ball-room, and now dejected, dissatisfied votary of pleasure, who had felt

on the gay scene to indulge his moody thoughts. Suddenly, a sound of music from a little arbour caught his ear. He approached, and perceived a small party of ladies, attended by some officers of his acquaintance, who had retired to the arbour to taste a collation of sweetmeats. They had finished their repast, and were urging a little girl to give them a specimen of her skill upon the guitar. When she had finished a song, Luis entered the arbour, and was presented by one of his friends as Captain Pereira. There was a lady, whose form instantly attracted his eye; he thought it bore a striking resemblance to that of his unknown innamorata. Her countenance, too, was full of intelligence and nobleness; her air was a pleasing mixture of dignity and softness. Luis already began to wish that she might prove to be the object of his suit. She was playfully persuading the wayward little girl to repeat her song, or favour the party with another.

"What shall I sing, cousin Inez?" said she, with a half-fretful air. "Any of your old songs," replied the lady. "O, I know what will please you," said Luis, with a roguish smile, "though I can't sing the songs so well as you do;" and she played the prelude to the very Italian song which had closed Luis's serene.

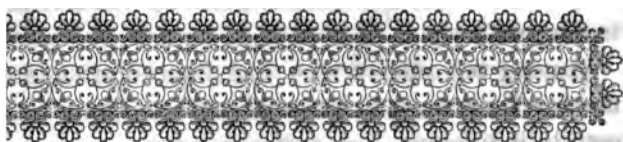
Luis cast a glance towards the lady; a bright blush had passed over her face, as, with an embarrassed air, she replied, "O! no, I would not sing that; we like Portuguese songs better." But her reluctance to sing it only seemed to determine the perverse child

to go on, and she sung the whole verse which Luis had sung in the lady's hearing. He tried to catch her eye, but it was averted; and when it did meet his, a few moments after the verse was sung, another blush placed it beyond a doubt that Luis's fair one was before him.

A lively conversation between the officers and the ladies ensued, in which one of Luis's friends observing that he was suffering with the embarrassment which one who has long been estranged from female society is apt to feel, on being first introduced to it, he kindly endeavoured to draw him out. Luis felt grateful for this mark of attention, and yielded to it so completely, that he soon became the life of the party.

The ice of formality being once broken, mirth and good-humoured playfulness abounded; and when the party rose to return to the ball-room, Luis had become so well acquainted with the ladies, that he ventured to solicit the fair Inez's hand in the next dance; a favour which was readily granted.

For the remainder of the evening he was happy. By the most delicate and assiduous attentions, he discovered to the lady Inez that she had excited an unusual degree of interest; nor did she appear to be insensible to his unobtrusive and feeling marks of respect and attachment; and when the ball broke up, each retired to pass the season of repose in those soft reveries and bright dreams which are wont to attend the dawning of virtuous love in a pure and unsophisticated heart.



### CHAPTER III.



**L**UIS's reputation as  
 a brave officer,  
 and the known  
 respectability of  
 his family, furnish-  
 ed ready passports  
 to the constant  
 hospitalities of the  
 ain's house, and he soon found himself established  
 on the footing of an intimate acquaintance. He was not  
 in finding an opportunity to declare his attachment  
 to the young lady, and was not rejected. The parents  
 sanctioned the engagement, and his brother officers con-  
 gratulated him on being the successful competitor for a  
 prize which so many had sought in vain. His days  
 passed like a delightful dream. Whenever his  
 leisure would permit, he enjoyed the society of Donna  
 Inez. They read, conversed, and rode together. The  
 poems of Camoens, Tasso, and Ariosto were discuss-  
 ed one time, and the music of Rossini practised at  
 another. Inez's piano could discourse no sweet sounds



without the accompaniment of Luis's guitar, and her harp was always out of tune when he was not present to sing with her.

Among the officers who had danced attendance to the fair Inez, there was one whose attentions were not merely indifferent, but perfectly odious to her—Don Miguel Da Costa, a Portuguese by birth, who held the rank of colonel, and boasted a descent from one of the most illustrious families in the mother country. His person was elegant, his manners polished, and his character for valour and courtesy was unblemished; but his disposition was haughty, and unfortunately for his suit, he had inadvertently expressed in the presence of Inez, a thorough contempt for her beloved country. The palaces and theatres of Portugal, the wealth and grandeur of ancient families, the refinement of courts, and the value of historical associations, were the eternal theme of his conversation; and when he condescended to woo the fair Brazilian, it was with such a patronising, protecting air; such an evident consciousness he was conferring, rather than soliciting honour, as gave a death-blow to his pretensions.

"I will not be wooed as the lion woos his bride," said she to herself. "If Don Miguel fancies that he is about to confer everlasting honour upon my family, by wedding the lowly American maiden, the haughty cavalier shall find himself mistaken."

Accordingly, the colonel's attentions were so coldly received, that he chose not to risk a formal declaration. When Inez's engagement to Luis was publicly known, his haughty spirit suffered a pang unfelt before.

have yielded the palm to a grandee of the first rank would have been sufficiently galling, but that a *azilian*, one of the despised Americans, should be preferred to him, was an indignity never to be forgiven. While the other officers felicitated Luis on his success, he brooded in secret over his repulse, and determined to seek the earliest opportunity for a quarrel with a man whom he hated scarcely more than he despised. An open and immediate rupture, without any plausible pretext, would have discovered the extent of his secret hopes, and the bitterness and shame of his disappointment. He resolved, therefore, to wait until some turn in the course of events should put it in his power to punish the fair object of his resentment by sacrificing her favoured lover.

While Luis was enjoying the society of his mistress, and anticipating the hour when he should call her his own, an order came for him to join an expedition, which was to surprise a garrisoned town in the interior. He hastened to Inez, to communicate this unpleasant intelligence, and received from the noble girl her own miniature and a charge, delivered, indeed, with trembling voice, to maintain his high character, and prove himself worthy of the name he had acquired and the affections he had won.

He was soon on the march. The frequent skirmishes of their party with the *Guachos* soon roused him from his fond reveries, and compelled his thoughts to the quick action which must ever characterize an enterprising soldier.

The expedition proved successful, and Luis found

himself among the number who were detached main and garrison the town. This was sufficient vexation, but his vexation was increased in a certain degree, when a few days after he received a letter from the captain of the port, informing him that Don Pedro, the Prince of Brazil, had declared himself emperor of the country over which he had been left : an independent sovereignty, calling upon all the sons of Brazil to join his standard. The letter proceeded to say that Monte Video had declared for the emperor, and regretted that Luis was at that moment under an old Portuguese general, whose known loyalty to King John was so firm as to preclude the possibility of his siding with the native Brazilians.

Indeed, it had been the case throughout the country that those officers who were natives of Portugal declared for the old king, while the natives of Brazil, soldiers and people, were unanimous for independence. Luis's heart was with them, but he was an officer in a royal garrison, in which there was not another Brazilian who held a commission. The event which he had long and ardently desired had arrived, but had found him completely unprepared to enjoy its beneficial share in its glory. What made it still worse, was being separated from his beloved Inez, and compelled to take part in hostilities which he knew would immediately be commenced against her native city. The tumult of his mind may be imagined.

His regiment was soon ordered to join the royal forces which were to besiege Monte Video. He took up his march with a heavy heart. Many were the re-

struggles and debates which he had, as to the course which it behoved him to adopt, but considering that his natural allegiance to his country was stronger than any which he could owe to the King of Portugal, and, moreover, that he was required to act with foreigners and hirelings, against the patriots of his own country, and among them his dearest personal friends, he resolved to join the Brazilians on the first opportunity.

Nor was he long in finding it. Arrived before the city, he was detached at the head of a troop of cavalry to attack a party of his old enemies, the Guachos, who were now employed by the Brazilians. The enemy fled on his approach, and he pursued them almost to the city, when perceiving that his troop was principally composed of Brazilians, he ordered them to halt, and addressed them in a manly and bold harangue in favour of the Prince of Brazil and independence; and concluded with waving his sword and shouting "Long live Don Pedro."

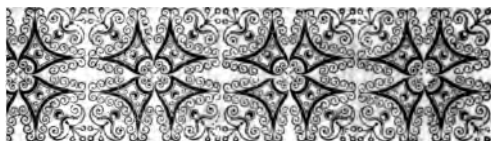
It was a piece of heroism in perfect keeping with his ardent character. Few men would have been willing to risk their lives upon the force of their eloquence. But Luis could not bear the thoughts of stealing out of the camp like a common deserter; he chose to lead a miniature revolution.

His men paused. He laid bare his bosom, and called out, "So you refuse to go and join the deliverers of your country. Let me, then, be the first who shall fall in its defence. Turn your swords upon a Brazilian who would have you act in a manner worthy of true Brazilians." In an instant the air was rent with

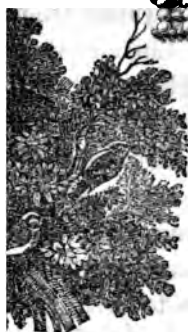
shouts of "Don Pedro and Independence, forever." A white flag was raised upon one of their carbines, and in a few moments the troops were riding at full speed through the streets of Monte Video, reiterating the shout which had restored their leader to freedom and hope.

The people caught their enthusiasm—they were hailed with answering shouts, and followed by a multitude of patriots. White handkerchiefs were waved from the balconies, and "bright eyes rained influence" upon them, as they passed through the streets to the residence of the commandant.





## CHAPTER IV.



HAVING disposed of his troops, Luis hastened to the boudoir of his mistress, and received a welcome dearer to his heart than the brightest awards of fame. The fair Inez welcomed him as one restored to life, and accorded the fullest approbation of his conduct in joining the royal party; honour was dearer to the high-minded lady than every other earthly thing. She understood all the difficulties of his late situation, and had participated in the anxiety and suspense from it. She had trembled at the peril in which he had been placed, of being lost to the cause of Brazil, as well as to herself; for she was a patriot at heart, and stamped the patriot stamp, and flattered herself that not for the sake of independence, but the freedom of Brazil she had sacrificed to the present revolution. This fondness for the cause also had its influence on Luis's late conduct. The evening was passed in recounting the fears

and forebodings of absence, and in bright anticipations of the future. Luis urged his suit for a speedy union, and gained a full consent that their marriage should be consummated as soon as Inez's parents should deem it suitable and proper. They required the concurrence of Luis's parents, who had already been apprized of his choice, but had not answered his letter.

In a week after his return to Monte Video, Luis was intrusted with the command of a party of cavalry, who were to dislodge a body of the royalists from a position which they had taken nearer the city than they had hitherto dared to approach. He was finally mounted, and commanded a gallant and well appointed company. He was now confident that he had at length embarked in the cause of liberty, and as, in passing the captain's residence, he received a parting smile of encouragement from the lovely and patriotic Inez, who had placed herself in the balcony to witness her hero's departure on his first sally in the good cause, he felt an honest exultation—a gush of high hope and warm enthusiasm, such as they only know who attempt great actions under high and virtuous auspices.

If there was any point of military talent on which Luis particularly valued himself, it was leading a troop of cavalry to the charge. In this he had always been so successful as to render his name a terror to the Guachos themselves.

When he saw the enemy's front displayed, so as to admit of a fair trial of his skill and courage, he counted the day his own; for the field was admirably calculated for the manœuvres of cavalry, being, as is indeed the

ole Banda Oriental, an unbroken plain, with scarce-  
t rock or tree for hundreds of miles. His charge  
irresistible, as it had often proved before; and in  
minutes after the battle cry of "Independence"  
g from his troop, the enemy were flying in every  
ection over the plain, so that he had only to give  
ers to pursue the fugitives and spare the fallen.

a considerable body of the enemy were retreating  
olerable order, and the pursuit of these he deter-  
ed to head himself. In his eagerness to complete  
victory, by making prisoners of the whole of this  
y, he was drawn much nearer the main body of the  
eging army than he was aware, and suddenly found  
self intercepted by a strong reinforcement of the  
ny, who had thrown themselves between his party  
the city. There remained no alternative but to  
his way through them. Supported by a small but  
lute body of his men, among whom his trusty  
uel was one; he wheeled and made a desperate  
ge upon their centre. For a few moments the  
est was doubtful. Luis's plume was shorn away  
e cut of a broadsword; the shoulder of his bridle-  
was divested of its epaulette, and the blood which  
led down to his hand as he reined up his charger  
that the sword of some adversary had found its  
into the flesh. At length he had broken through,  
his noble steed was springing forward upon the  
plain, when a string of balls, thrown by a Gua-  
wound itself round the animal's legs, and horse  
rider were instantly thrown upon the ground.  
g completely stunned by the fall, he was raised



from the ground in a state of insensibility, thrown across a horse, and borne into the enemy's camp.

"Well met, Senor Don Luis Pereira," said Colonel Da Costa, as he entered the miserable tent where our hero was stretched upon a camp-bed, scarcely able to move from the bruises which he had received in his fall the preceding day. "I am happy to see you—I had not hoped so soon to welcome in the Portuguese camp, one who has deserved so honourably from the royal house of Braganza. Methinks your accommodations are none of the best," glancing round upon the wretched furniture of the tent, and scowling upon Manuel, who, being permitted to attend upon his master, was busily employed in one corner, removing the stains of blood and dirt from his uniform. "Our general should have assigned you a more spacious marquee and a numerous train of attendance."

This was said with a darkened smile of malignity, which was wont to curl the swarthy features of Don Miguel, when his eye encountered an enemy whom he hated and despised.

"Colonel Da Costa," replied Luis, "the fortune of war has brought me wounded and a prisoner to your camp, and it is surely unbecoming an officer and a gentleman to taunt a prostrate enemy, who has neither the privilege of demanding satisfaction, nor the physical power to defend his honour."

"The fortune of war!" replied the colonel. "Say rather the judgment of Heaven, upon a traitor and cowardly deserter from his country and his king. It is not for such as you, sir, to claim the privileges of war."

prisoner of war. I keep no terms of courtesy with traitors."

"Coward!—traitor to my country!" exclaimed Luis, raising himself on his wretched pallet; his eyes flashing fire upon his insulting oppressor, "would to Heaven I could meet you in a fair field, to prove at the sword's point, that you are a calumniator and a villain. Don Miguel, you know that it was devotion to my country's cause that occasioned my abandonment of the royal party. My allegiance was due to Brazil, and not to the house of Braganza."

"A court martial will settle that point, my brave young patriot. We are too much engaged to try you at present, and you are to be sent into the interior for safe keeping. Peradventure a few months' imprisonment will cool your patriotic ardour, and prepare you to make an edifying exit on the gallows. The general is of opinion that your trial should take place on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Pray Heaven I may die upon my native soil," silently ejaculated Luis.

"But how are all my quondam friends in the city?" continued his persecutor. "How is the fair Inez?—she will be a mourning turtle dove for some time I fancy, or more probably will solace herself with the hand of some more prudent patriot, who has less of the spirit of knight-errantry than her late favourite, who undertakes the vanquishing of whole squadrons with his single arm. I could not but smile to see how bravely you struggled in the toils we had prepared for you, yesterday. But the lady Inez—how looked her

smiles when you parted?—was she as fair as ever, and as light-hearted? Trust me, Don Luis, your lady-love is already weaving garlands for another.”

“Alas!” exclaimed Luis, writhing in agony, but unable to rise from off the bed. “I see how it is;—there is a cause for all this venom. I thought it strange that you should hate so bitterly the mere opponent in a revolution. You sought her hand yourself;—I half suspected as much before; but her pure soul was too high to be reached by your artifices; she saw through you—she saw what I now see—that the haughty Don Miguel, with all his high pretensions to chivalry, was mean enough to insult the fallen and calumniate the absent.”

“I seek her hand?—I ally myself with a creole? Know, sir, that I despise the whole race, from the paltry mercenaries of the north, to the wild Guachos of the Pampas. I hate you for your attachment to this scoundrel faction which seeks to dismember the kingdom of Portugal. I hate you for taking part with the rabble, against all that is ancient and respectable in the realm. This is sufficient cause for hatred without the degrading supposition you have made; but your cause is desperate. If those who maintain their allegiance here, are not strong enough to put down this rebellion, the power of the allied sovereigns of Europe will soon settle the controversy; nor will your neighbours fare better. There are negotiations already on foot, between the court of France and the leaders of the Buenos Ayrean faction, which will soon send their visionary temple of liberty tumbling about their

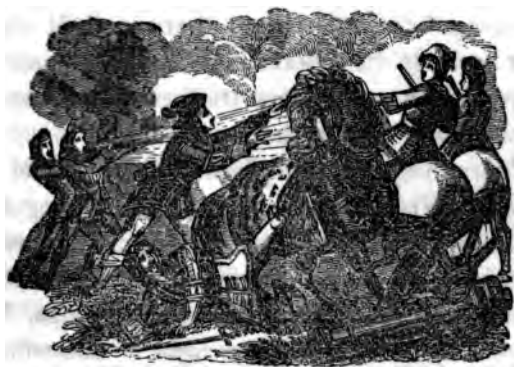
urs. The age of republicanism, like that of chivalry, will soon be recorded among the popular delusions that have passed away; and reason and legitimate government resume the undivided empire of the world."

"You speak like a minion of royalty, Don Miguel," replied Luis; "like one who despises a power which he cannot estimate—the power of public sentiment—the common sense of mankind. You are blind enough to suppose that the people of South America, at whose feet their government must stand or fall, will submit to foreign interference or to any species of despotism rather than their native leaders. Be assured they are too well-informed for that. You have not the beggars of Lisbon, nor the rabble of Vienna, nor the stupid bores of Russia, to trample upon here. No, sir, there is light amongst us; and where there is light, there will sooner or later be liberty. The civil authorities of Buenos Ayres may prove traitors—the liberator of Columbia may turn tyrant, and our own sovereign, Don Pedro, may refuse to grant a constitutional government to the wishes of his people, but ere long all these fair countries will be free. The despotic power, which you are pleased to call legitimate government, is the production of an age of feudal barbarism, hitherto supported by withholding the light of education from the people. Ignorance and superstition among them, with Machiavellism and priestcraft among their oppressors, are the supporters of your social order in the old world. A different state of things on this side the Atlantic is producing a different result; and the

Holy Alliance will soon be taught to respect the rights of American liberty."

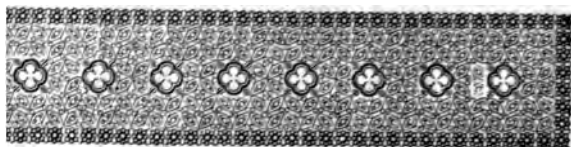
"Well, sir," replied Don Miguel, "we will take care that you shall share none of the homage yourself. You will have to expiate the crime of treason. In the mean time, prepare yourself for a journey to a place of security in the interior."

"If," replied Luis, "the cause to which I am devoted requires the poor sacrifice of my life, I am ready." And here the conference closed.









## CHAPTER V.



**D**URING the remainder of the war, Luis was kept in close confinement in the interior. Garrison after garrison fell into the hands of the Brazilians, and he was removed nearer and Monte Video, at each retreat of the Portuguese. The vigilance of his rival was such, that he was not trusted in a place which was in immediate danger of falling into the hands of the patriots. He had many of his fellow-officers who had recovered liberty by the surrender of the posts at which they were imprisoned ; but it was his hard fortune to remain in bondage to the latest hour of the war, and the last remnant of the Portuguese troops capitulated in the condition of being sent to Portugal with such prisoners as were charged with desertion, it was his fate to be included among those prisoners. He then marched through the streets of Monte Video



—passed the very residence of his mistress—saw her, pale and agitated, watching the passage of the prisoners, and scarcely able to recognize him, but for the gesture by which he signified to her that all was lost.

He was taken on board a brig belonging to Boston, which had been chartered by the Brazilian government, to take the last garrison of the old Portuguese to their native country, and such was the vigilance with which he was guarded, that there was little prospect of his being able to effect his escape to the shore, before the vessel would sail. He well knew that there were friends in Monte Video, who would secret him till his enemies were gone, if he could but escape from the vessel; and he knew also that if he were detained on board till the vessel was fairly out at sea, his prospect was gloomy indeed, for he had little mercy to expect in Portugal, even if the influence of his rival were not exerted against him, and with this, his case was indeed hopeless.

As he was sitting alone in the cabin one evening, reflecting on the severity of his fortune, he was surprised to hear his name uttered in a low voice, by some one in the steerage. He advanced towards the steerage, and answered in the same tone.

“Come in here,” said the same voice in good Portuguese, “I wish to converse with you, where we shall not be observed.”

Luis entered the place without hesitation, and found it occupied by a young man whose countenance had almost tempted him to seek his assistance, as he had observed him giving orders about the vessel. Indeed

There was something in the open, honest, careless face and chivalrous bearing of Frederick Ross, which seemed to invite the distressed to trust to his protection. He was the mate of the brig to which our hero had been consigned, and having learnt the particulars of his story on shore, and witnessed the strong interest excited in his favour among the inhabitants of Montevideo, had determined to attempt his rescue. This was no very easy matter; for, in the first place, he dared not ask the concurrence of the captain of the brig, as he knew that any connivance at such a proceeding on his part would have been ruinous to him, if suspected by his employers. Moreover, the Portuguese being permitted to retain their arms, had their sentinels posted to prevent the escape of the prisoners, who, indeed, were permitted to walk about the deck, but were watched with all the vigilance that hatred and jealousy could insure.

Frederick, by no means disheartened by the difficulty of the undertaking, had concerted his measures, and now briefly communicated them to Luis, who it may readily be supposed was not backward in promising to execute his part of the enterprise. "But how this?" exclaimed he; "To what am I indebted for the lively interest you take in my affairs?"

"We Americans of the north," said Frederick, "always give our hearts to the cause of independence. Besides, I understand there is a lady in the case, and thought it would be a pity that she should never see you again, after having proved constant to you so long."

Luis blushed as he drew from his pocket a purse

heavy with doubloons, which he had been permitted to receive from his father, during his imprisonment.

"You will surely allow me to make you this trifling acknowledgment of the favour you intend me."

"No, I thank you," said Frederick, "the people of my country don't sell services of this sort. I shall be richly repaid here," he continued, striking his breast, "if we succeed;" and he hurried away, leaving his protégé to find his way back to the cabin.

On the evening of the day after this conference, the captain of the vessel was on shore; the sentinels were pacing the deck as usual; Luis was sitting on the quarter-deck, inhaling the evening breeze; Frederick was engaged in his duties about the vessel, and several of the Portuguese officers were walking with cigars in their mouths as usual, and conversing with unusual liveliness about their anticipated return to Lisbon.

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of music proceeding from a boat near the bow of the vessel. It was a sweet female voice, accompanied by the guitar, and the style and execution were such as to hush every sound on board, and draw the attention of every one to the spot whence the music proceeded. The officers went forward and leaned over the railing, vainly endeavouring to distinguish the persons in the serenading boat, and mutually rallying each other for being about to desert such a siren on quitting the New World. The sailors suspended their usual occupations, and sat motionless, some aloft and some below. The very sentinels forgot their duty at the gush of

these sweet sounds, and stood motionless, gazing towards the little skiff of the songstress.

Luis was left alone on the quarter-deck. When all were intent on the music, Frederick passed near him and whispered, "Now look out; now be firm and resolute."

"Trust me for that!" replied Luis.

Suddenly a boat, urged by six rowers with muffled oars, shot along under the stern, and Luis made but one spring from the quarter-deck into her. The noise and his disappearance alarmed the nearest sentinel, who fired upon the boat, and in an instant all was confusion on the vessel's deck; the Portuguese officers swearing at the sentinels and ordering instant pursuit; Frederick bustling about, and pretending to comply with their wishes by directing his seamen to man the boat; the soldiers preparing to embark, and tumbling over each other in their haste to get into the yawl, which, after considerable delay and much vociferation, was lowered from the stern and brought alongside.

It may readily be supposed that the time thus lost, by Frederick's contriving to delay their operations, while he appeared to hasten them, was employed by the fugitives; and that long before the brig's yawl was manned and on her way, the other boat was beyond the reach of pursuit.

The fair musician was completely forgotten amidst the bustle. Indeed the first discharge of muskets silenced her, and when the officers had done all that lay in their power to recover their lost captive, and were at leisure to return to the amusement which had

been so unexpectedly interrupted, her boat was nowhere to be seen; it had disappeared among the numerous fishing boats and pleasure barges which were continually gliding about the harbour.

When the sun rose the next morning, the brig had left the harbour, and ere he had set, Luis was united to his own Inez, in the presence of a splendid assemblage of his patriotic friends.

Reader—If you should ever go to Rio Janeiro, I entreat you to take a ride out to the valley of St. Cristoval, and call at the beautiful white-walled country seat, which is the residence of my friend Colonel Don Luis Pereira—tell him you are an American from the north, and he will welcome you with a cordial pressure of the hand, and introduce you to the fair Inez and a group of laughing children, and will tell you the story of his escape from the brig, glancing rather expressively at his wife when he mentions that sweet serenade.





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**PEDRO AND CONCHITA.**



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# THE MONTERO OF CUBA.

## CHAPTER I.



**P**EDRO SANCHES was the son of a Montero, who lived in a cottage among the Camarioca hills, a few leagues from Matanzas.

The old man owned a small pasture, half a zen mules, and as many oxen, and with the profits their labour in conveying sugar, coffee, and molasses from the neighbouring estates to the port, and the produce of a corn-field and a patch of plantains, he made a shift to live very comfortably.

Pedro was a youth of uncommon parts. He could say the Lord's Prayer not only in Latin, but in elegant

creole Spanish; and the Padre had taught him to write and cipher—so that he was, in fact, a very prodigy of learning. But Pedro was not vain of his vast acquirements, and though he was such a famous literary character, there was nothing *blue* about him. He made so little display of his attainments, that if his instructor had not taken care to spread his fame throughout the district, nobody would ever have dreamed that Pedro was any wiser than his neighbours.

He led a very easy sort of life of it; his father wisely judging that such a wonderful genius should by no manner of means be required to follow any useful occupation. He used to rise early in the morning, and go a fishing in the river that ran through his father's pasture, or shooting at the birds in the forest beyond it. It is true he was seldom known to hit any of them; but he was in fact a most indefatigable shooter, and cost his father better than a doubloon a year in powder and shot. He generally reposed through all the heat of the day, in a Campeachy hammock, suspended in the piazza, in front of the cottage. He would swing himself for hours together, puffing away very calmly at his cigar, and watching the operations of his father, as he mended a wheel of his cart, or overseeing and directing his mother as she cut up a pig, or made a pot of sweetmeats; for Pedro had a perfect knowledge of the theory of useful employment; though, to tell the truth, he did not care a fig about the practice.

In the evening, if there was no dance in the neighbouring village, he used to take his guitar, and go over

to the estate of Don Francisco Zamora, and serenade his only daughter, the adorable Conchita, whose black eyes, slender feet, and clear brown complexion rendered her decidedly the belle of the district.

On Sundays, Pedro went piously to mass in the parish church, and afterwards attended the cock-fight, which invariably took place at the cock-pit on the green, in front of the church, as soon as divine service was over; and the good Padre always gave his attendance, merely by way of countenancing innocent amusements.

Whenever there was a grand frolic among the Monteros, Pedro was sure to be master of ceremonies. He engaged the guitar players, provided the red wine, the sweetmeats and cigars, and always made a point of opening the ball by leading out his favourite Conchita, and performing that free and easy, double shuffle sort of dance called the *Zapatero*, because it brings in such abundance of employment to that useful and respectable class of citizens, the shoemakers.

He was such a careless, good-natured soul, that although he was a perfect Lothario among the country fair ones, the other Monteros were never jealous of his popularity. He never got into a brawl about dancing with any of the village beauties whom he took a fancy to lead out on these occasions; and although he wore his dirk in his bosom, like an honourable and prudent young man, yet he was never known to draw it in anger, except upon one occasion, when he heard his father abused; and even then he did not use the point, probably from his having found out in the course of his

learned researches, that a puncture is worse than a cut; but he contented himself with merely slicing off the reviler's right cheek, and a moiety of his ear.

But Pedro's dirk served him on a great many good-natured and peaceful occasions. It answered very cleverly the purpose of cutting up an orange or pineapple; and after taking his morning regale of fruit, he has frequently been observed to sit a whole day in the shade, amusing himself with carving the end of a staff, made of a sprig of orange-tree, into a rude resemblance of a negro's head.

Pedro's father had long promised him the privilege of spending the Christmas holidays at Matanzas. But it had been put off from year to year, till the youth was eighteen years old. Pedro was not content with permission to go to town, on some marketing errand, in his every-day clothes, and spend a few dollars in claret and segars. He was for going in style, and at last his wish was gratified.

On the evening of the 24th of December, 182—, old Don Felipe Sanches came home from the city, and taking a bundle from his cart, produced the long desired equipments of his hopeful son.

They were in the genuine Montero style, the legitimate costume of the yeomanry of Cuba.—First came a suit of clothes, consisting of a frock and pantaloons of blue and white linen *check*; the frock, which resembled that of a truckman, being furnished with a collar, and ornamented with a beautiful frill of the same material. A vest was neither required by the climate nor the fashion, and a shirt was utterly superfluous,

since the ruffle was attached to the frock. Then there was a broad chip hat, yellow leather shoes, spurs of solid silver, a gold button for the collar, and, though last not least, in the estimation of its delighted possessor, a splendid machete, or long straight sword. It was in the richest style. Its scabbard was ornamented with red morroco; the hilt was of silver, and on the guard, in relief of gold, was a head of the wise and illustrious Ferdinand the Seventh, the paragon of legitimate sovereigns.

It will readily be imagined that this precious importation gave our hero no small satisfaction. He had been looking out for his father all day; and in the impatience of his heart, he had smoked out thirty-three cigars, it never having entered into his imagination that there was any more active occupation which would serve to beguile the time.

He instantly arrayed himself in his new dress; attached his silver spurs to the yellow shoes, fastened his collar with the gold button, girded on the loyal sword, and drew it forth with a most valorous swing, to the imminent danger of his father's long nose, as he stood rapt in admiration of the chivalrous appearance of this hopeful sprig of the family.

"Bring me my horse, Manuel," said Pedro, addressing himself to the slave, who was the factotum of the establishment. "I will set forth this evening, and attend mass in the city, at midnight."

"O! the pious soul," exclaimed his mother.

"O! the brave boy," cried his father.

The horse was speedily brought out, and arrayed

in his gayest equipments. These consisted of, first, an enormous saddle, of a square shape, with respect to its external boundaries of length and breadth; but with regard to thickness, stuffed out into the most comfortable and cushionlike rotundity. It was moreover agreeably adorned and diversified with sundry devices in the arabesque style, executed in red and yellow morocco. Then there was a bridle, with separate reins of red worsted, ornamented with tassels, and furnished instead of bits, with a *cabason*, a semicircular iron, buckled to the horse's nose, and accommodated with rings, to which the reins were attached.

Before setting out, Pedro received some wise cautions from his father, to which, as they were accompanied with a handful of doubloons, he paid the most dutiful attention. He then repeated for the fiftieth time, an injunction to his mother, to take care that certain young game-cocks, which he was training up, should not suffer by his absence, and mounting his horse, rode off with a simple "*Adios*" in answer to the voluble benedictions and farewells of the old couple.





## CHAPTER II.



IT was a still moonlight evening. Pedro was in pretty considerable good spirits; he rode gayly along—now thinking of the holyday sports which were awaiting him in town—now singing the praises of his mistress, the delectable Conchita, or the virtues of his horse, Mascurino, in that charming melody which is universally sung by the carters, drovers and other peasantry of Cuba, and which, from its close resemblance to the shrieks of an urchin suffering under the birch, is called the *Llanto*, or crying song.

He continued his merry course for more than three hours, till he had exhausted all the verses of the *Llanto* which he had ever learned; all that belong to this famous national air having never come to the knowledge of any one, or probably any ten men, as, like the national song of the Yankees, it is interminable.

His spirits now began to flag, and he felt an indecipherable sort of dread come over him, as he gradually



descended into a deep and narrow ravine from which the shadow of the hills, covered with thick trees, completely excluded the moonlight. All was still. Pedro suffered his horse to choose a path for himself among the rocks which were scattered over the bed of a dried up torrent. As he ascended the opposite acclivity, he observed a dark object, moving slowly along just before him. He pulled up his reins, and came to a stand. The object also ceased to move. This seemed rather mysterious. Pedro began to think of ghosts; and as he had always professed a great curiosity to see one, he felt in honour bound not to flinch from a first encounter. He therefore put forward a little quicker, and came near enough to perceive that the object of his suspicions was mounted and making its way up the hill on the back of a mule.

"Who ever heard of a ghost on horseback?" said Pedro to himself. "This is no ghost, surely; but perhaps some honest gentleman, who has supped a little too much red wine at the last inn, and is taking a comfortable snooze as he passes through the valley."

The figure, in fact, was strangely doubled up, no head or cap being visible. Pedro, with the habitual caution of his countrymen, did not venture very near his unlooked-for companion, for fear of some treachery. "If he be asleep, I'll wake him up; and lest he should only pretend to be so, I'll keep my distance. *Cavaleiro! Como esta usted?*"

No answer.

Pedro raised his voice and addressed him with a

other of the salutations with which the Spanish language abounds—“*Vaya usted con Dios, Señor!*”

No answer still. The traveller kept doggedly on, without speaking or raising his head. Pedro's patience was completely exhausted—his Spanish honour was insulted—his West Indian blood was up. “Have at you, miscreant!” he exclaimed, drawing his loyal machete. “You are neither a Christian nor a gentleman, or you would return a civil answer to a civil salutation.”

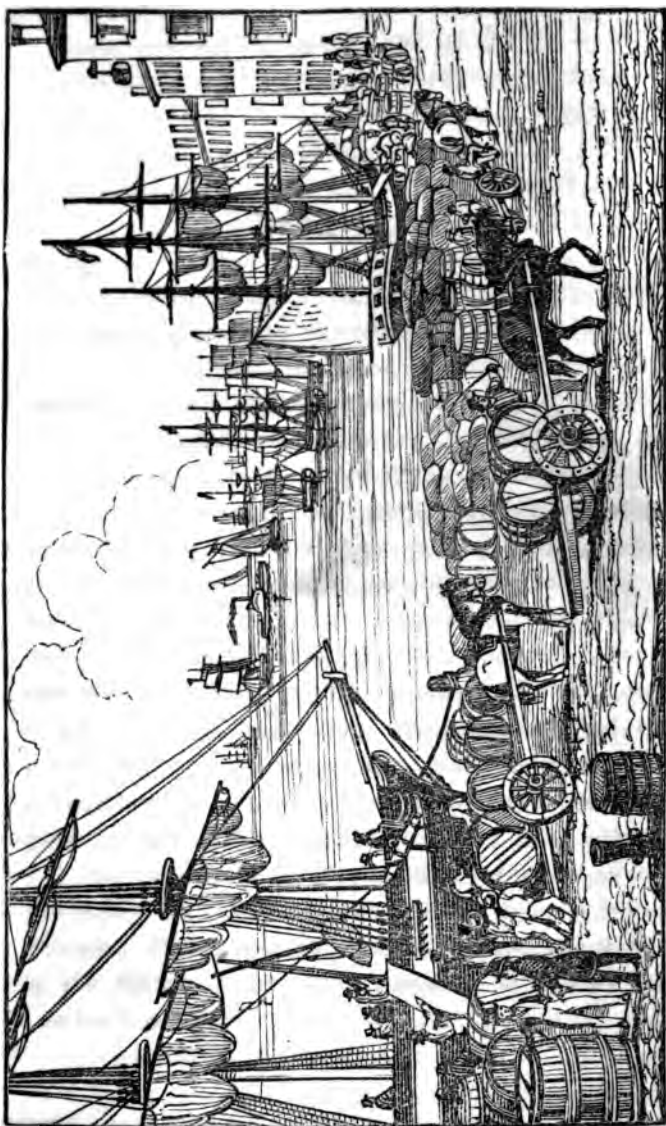
This speech was accompanied with a furious slash, which, missing the rider, came across the haunches of the mule, who instantly set off at full speed, and disappeared like lightning through the dark pathway. But Pedro was not so to be balked. He clapped spurs to his horse and followed in full chase, calling upon all the saints to assist him in avenging the insult. He soon fancied himself close to his enemy, and made two or three desperate strokes in the dark, which only cleft the air, or severed a few tendrils of some parasite plants, hanging over the road from a tall cotton tree.

On they went in the darkness; the pursuer close in rear of the fugitive, the forest ringing with the clattering of hoofs and the loud imprecations of Pedro, till arriving at the summit of a hill, they suddenly emerged from the forest, and the clear moonlight revealed to our astonished hero, not a grim robber or midnight assassin, but a sorry mule, loaded with a heap of hand boxes and cloaks.

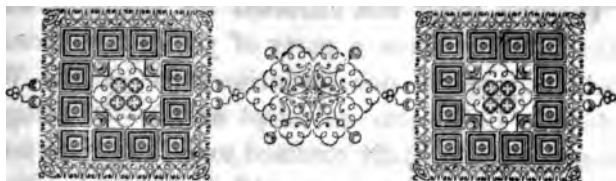
Pedro stopped his horse, and let the mule escape. He was too much fatigued to follow, overtake him, and examine his load, and rather too much chagrined to enjoy a hearty laugh at his own mistake. "I'll say nothing about it," said he. Upon second thought, however, he amended this resolution. "I'll tell the story to the Padre, but not to Conchita."

Pedro passed through another dark valley, without encountering any new adventures; and on ascending the next eminence, the port of Matanzas, with its amphitheatre of hills, its white houses, simple bridges, and small fleet of merchantmen, lay before him in all the loveliness and repose of tropical moonlight. His provoking adventure was instantly forgotten; and, inspired with the influence of the soft landscape, he gayly cantered along, passed the redoubtable fort of the Caminar, frowning in all the terrors of rusty ordnance and deserted ramparts on the vain threats of Colombian and Mexican prowess. He passed the Eastern bridge and the port of the Custom House, just as the clock struck half-past eleven. The officers of the small garrison stationed there were just coming out of the gates, in full uniform, and the streets were alive with a mixed multitude of ladies and cavaliers, planters, herdsmen, and mule-drivers, all moving towards the church. Pedro left his horse at an inn, and hastened to join them. When mass was over he retired to his inn for the night.





PEDRO RAMBLES ABOUT THE CITY OF MATANZAS.



### CHAPTER III.



**P**EDRO did not wake next morning till after sunrise. A shrill voice was bawling out some unintelligible cries under his window. He rose and observed a boy mounted on a

le, loaded with green stalks of maize, and screaming : lustily, *Malaxo!*\* This served to remind him that his horse must be carefully fed with this and the e corn, and moreover that he must attend to it personally. He called to the boy, who instantly turned and rode through the front apartment of the house to the court, and by the time Pedro was dressed and found his way out of his apartment, the fellow had unloaded his mule, and was waiting for his pay. When he was satisfied, and a negro of the inn had fed steed from this supply, Pedro sallied forth to see lions.

\* *Malaxo* is the stalk and leaves of green maize.

The first thing that attracted his attention, was a billiard-room, where a party of young men were already engaged in this favourite game of the West Indians. Pedro was no adept at this—it being an amusement principally confined to the city. As he appeared to regard the players with considerable interest, a very civil spoken young gentleman, in a dashing dress, with dark mustachios, and a profusion of watch-seals, came up to him when the game was out, inviting him to play, and as he professed ignorance of the game, kindly undertook to instruct him. Pedro thought it was vastly civil, and could not find in his heart to refuse so generous an offer. The bets were low at first, and Pedro, not a little to his own surprise, won, more than half the time.

“Suppose we play for half an ounce,” said the gentleman, when they had amused themselves an hour or so. “Just as you please,” answered Pedro. They accordingly played, and he lost.

“Once more,” said he, in hopes of recovering his money. He lost again, and as he handed the gold to his good friend, happening to glance towards the bench where the rest of the party were quietly smoking and looking on, he observed a broad grin on every one of their swarthy visages. Suspecting that he had been cozened, he quietly laid his cue on the table, and bowing with the grace which distinguishes even a peasant of Cuba, he coolly wished them a very good morning, and walked off.

“Bought wit,” said Pedro, when he was out of hearing, “is better than thought wit. I’ll keep clear

of these billiard-rooms, till I am as good a player as the best of them."

He strolled through the streets in rather bad humour, kicked over a little negro boy who was seated on the steps of a large mansion, quietly chewing the end of a bit of sugar cane, and at last fell into a profound revery on the doctrine of chances. In the midst of his cogitations, he was interrupted by a loud shout from a building on his left, as he approached the quay. He entered it, and was delighted to find it an immense circular cockpit, furnished with rows of seats rising one above the other, as they receded from the centre, and filled with a mixed multitude of Monteros, cits, soldiers, sailors, mulattoes, and even women, all expressing the liveliest interest in the combats, and shouting at every turn of fortune. A lucky hit, a severe wound, drew from the friends of the successful champion, loud challenges to raise the stakes. "Five to one"—"A doubloon to a dollar, on the black cock," shouted a dozen voices, just as Pedro entered, the black cock having just struck out his antagonist's eye.

Pedro was quite an amateur, one of the *cognoscenti* in these matters. He had not attended a thousand Sundays at the village green for nothing. He was up to all the niceties of the art, and skilfully threw in his separate bet upon every turn of luck, and every manifestation of fresh courage in the contest. But somehow it happened that all his knowledge availed him nothing. Fortune, the wayward goddess who presides on these occasions, seemed to have taken a miff



against him, and he had the mortification to see a Yankee sailor, evidently a complete novice in the business, who bet without knowing a prime Principe game-cock from a mere barn-fowl, pocket half a dozen doubloons during the forenoon, while he lost half as many himself.

He sallied forth from the cockpit, in worse humour than ever, and strolled through the *Calle de Medio* to the Governor's Square, to inhale the fresh breeze and forget his bad luck. He passed along by the jail, which is placed on one side of the square, and in full view of the pleasure-grounds, probably with a view to remind the criminals of the forfeited blessings of liberty, and the gay cavaliers who take their walks here, of the spendthrift's destiny. A group of captives were gazing from a large grated window, some of them seated and some standing, and holding on by the gratings. Some appeared to be impatient of restraint; their dark eyes gleamed with malignant passion; others were sunk in dejection, and others were attempting by their complaints and gestures to excite pity in the passengers. All were as completely indifferent to the public exposure of their wretchedness as the sentinel who was sullenly pacing to and fro in front of the prison. As Pedro passed by, his eye caught that of one of the prisoners whom he recollected to have seen before. Advancing towards the window, which was nearly on a level with the street, he recognised the gentleman who had so politely instructed him in the game of billiards, and who having been detected in cheating, since Pedro had parted with him, had been

summarily lodged in the jail, to await the tardy movement of Spanish justice.

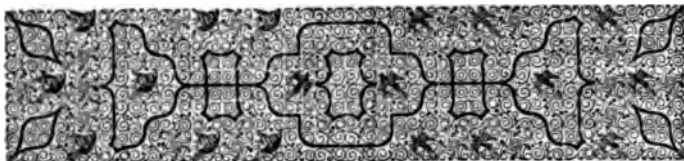
Pedro took off his hat, and bowing with an air of profound deference, accosted him—"How do you do, *senor*? Upon my honour I am extremely happy to see you. It does my heart good to find that the governor of this loyal city has at last discovered your transcendent merit, and has furnished you with such suitable and comfortable lodgings. I have only to regret that your present situation will place it completely out of your power to give any more instruction to such *Monteros* as may wish to learn the delightful game of billiards."

The sharper answered only by grinding his teeth, and casting one of his most ferocious glances at his late pupil.

This incident furnished Pedro with some topics of consolation. "Though I have lost money," said he, "my honour is unsoiled, and if I am comparatively poor, I am still at liberty.—Besides, who knows what fortune may do for me yet?"

This last clause is too often the termination of a gambler's sober reflections; and generally leads, as in the present instance, to a fresh adventure in the most ruinous of all schemes of aggrandizement.





## CHAPTER IV.



**F**ROM the Governor's Square, Pedro directed his steps to a house not very remote from that elegant promenade, where he had heard there was to be music and dancing, and roulette and monti. He took care, how-

ever, to call on his way at a place of refreshment opposite the church, and regale himself with a cup of chocolate and a good Spanish cracker.

The house, where Pedro resolved to spend his evening, was called "La Casa de la Marchesa," being the property of a certain marchioness, who rented it to a gaming concern or faro bank. Public balls, free from expense to the company, were given in the front hall, for the purpose of attracting persons to the inner apartments, where large sums were risked at the gaming tables. As Pedro entered, he observed a dark visaged sentinel with enormous black whiskers, pacing to and fro in the vestibule. "All right!" said Pedro

to himself; "no tricks upon travellers here, I find. His most Catholic Majesty is pleased to extend his protecting care even over places of public amusement, and see that his loyal subjects are not cheated even when they choose to sport a doubloon on the turn of a card."

If he had known the whole, he might have added—and his most Legitimate Majesty is graciously pleased to pay himself, pretty liberally, for this and every other interference with the private concerns of his liege subjects.

The music from a band of twenty mulattoes was exhilarating. Pedro just threw a passing glance into the hall. A glimpse of the sparkling beauties—the diamonds and ostrich feathers, waving and glancing with every motion of the graceful waltz, and the elegant dresses of the gentlemen, among which he noticed the dashing uniforms of King Ferdinand's cavaliers, and the more modest blue of the navy officers of the north—satisfied Pedro that the hall was not a place where he might hope to figure.

"I can see none there in the Montero dress," said Pedro. "To be sure, our neighbour's son, Gaspar Gomez, is figuring away there among the best of those town folks; and a very likely young man he is too,—I always liked Gaspar. But then he has furnished himself with a black broadcloth coat, a fine cravat, linen pantaloons, as loose as coffee bags, and black leathern pumps. My dress is quite a different sort of thing. How he smiles and bows to his partner. An elegant creature she is too—fine form—beautiful dancer. I

wish I could catch a glimpse of her face among the crowd there. There, she turns and advances this way. Santa Maria! it is Conchita! O, that villain, Gaspar! I only wish I had him here in the entry, I'd measure machetes with him in fine style, I warrant him. I would teach him to waltz and smile with the prettiest *senorita* in all the *partido*."

He paced the entry in the greatest agitation. The surprise was overpowering. Conchita had come to town to spend the Christmas holidays with a relation, on a sudden invitation, without his knowledge. She had come to the ball, of course, and danced with the only country acquaintance she happened to meet there. All this was very natural and proper; but Pedro regarded it as a vile conspiracy against his peace and happiness.

"Who would have thought it of Conchita?" he continued; "to be dancing here at the city balls with that scoundrel, Gaspar Gomez, when I thought she was in the country, mourning my absence like a lovelorn turtle. O, these women! these women! They are all alike! There is no trusting any of them!—Well, there is no help for it. If I were in a ball-dress, I would go into the hall and show a proper resentment, by dancing with every other tolerable-looking lady there, and never so much as bowing to her, though she is by far the handsomest I can see there. O, the wicked little baggage!—But, as for Mr. Gentleman Gaspar, he shall eat a piece of my loyal machete, if I can meet him to-morrow."

With this doughty resolution, Pedro stalked into

the apartment containing the monti-table. It was covered with red morocco, and heaped with piles of dollars and doubloons. Behind it, next the wall, sat a portly-looking personage, who dealt the cards; and before it, the company, who severally laid their money near the card on which they betted. As the turn of a card decided the game, several of the piles of dollars would be swept away to the heap containing the bank-stock, and the other piles would be doubled and returned to the winners. The company who sported their money at this game, seemed to be rather select and well dressed, and preserved the most perfect silence and gravity. Among them were a few elderly ladies. Pedro, hearing a shouting in an apartment still farther within the buildings, entered it, and found an immense company of Monteros, sailors, and soldiers, assembled round the roulette-table, and shouting at every turn of the game. The table was very large and circular, with numbers and spaces marked round the edge. The company either played at odd and even, by placing their money on the spaces, and having nearly an even chance of doubling it, or by placing their money on a number, took one chance in thirty-six of winning thirty-six for one. The game was played by swinging round an iron rod which was placed upon a pivot in the centre of the table.

Pedro's purse was pretty low. In fact, he had but a doubloon left. He was in such a state of agitation, from the scene he had just witnessed in the ball-room, that he was scarcely conscious what he did. Drawing his last doubloon from his pocket, he laid it on the

edge of the table. A hundred voices called at once—  
“He sports a doubloon on a number! Bravo! Thirty-six to one you’ll lose it!”

Pedro saw his mistake. He had intended to place it where there was an even chance to double and the same chance to lose it. But before he could change its place, the keen-eyed conductor of the game had seen his advantage, and sent the rod whirling round the circle. It was then too late. “I am ruined!” said Pedro, mentally.

The rod moved slower, then approached the part of the circle where Pedro and his doubloon were stationed. The clamours of the company rose high at this appearance, some cheering and offering bets that he would win, and others eagerly accepting them. The rod wavered, and at last settled quietly down opposite Pedro’s doubloon. The apartment rung with acclamations and bravoos. Some eagerly shook Pedro by the hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune, and others wished the doubloon had been theirs; while Pedro quietly pocketed the thirty-six gold pieces, which the banker handed from the opposite side of the table, sneeringly observing to his fortunate opponent, “You had better try it again, my friend, there were only thirty-six chances opposed to your one.”

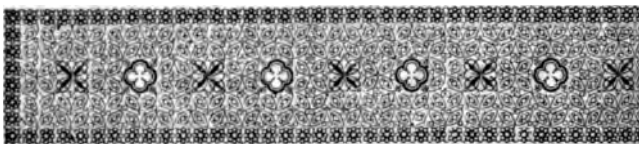
“I don’t care if I do,” said Pedro; and, laying a doubloon on another number near him, he won again,\* to the amazement of the company, and the utter consternation of the banker. As soon as he had received

\* This actually happened to a Montero at Matanzas.

proceeds of his unparalleled good fortune, he bowed very politely to the company; bade them good-night; and, leaving the apartment, hurried through the monticom, and, passing the door of the hated ball-room, went into the street. Here he looked round carefully, to see if he had not been followed by some adventurer, who might wish to put in a claim to his gold, on the point of a long knife. Seeing all safe, he hurried to his apartment at the hotel.







## CHAPTER V.



ARRIVED at his apartment, Pe fastened the door, laid sword on the table, with reach, and, throwing himself upon the bed without undressing, gave himself up to a train of reflections. "Let me calculate," said he to himself,—“Seventy-four doubloons!—seventeen times seventy—seventy times seventeen, is eleven hundred and ninety—twice seventeen is thirty-four;—both equal to twelve hundred and twenty-four dollars. Quite a pretty sum—a good evening’s work.—I wish I had Gaspar Gomez by the throat. O, Conchita! Conchita! what pleasure should have had in laying this gold at your feet yesterday! But you have left your trusty Montezuma for a wretch who has thrown away his machete and spurs, to figure in a broadcloth coat and pumps. However, these doubloons are not to be despised, for that.—Let me consider: I think I’ll cut a dash among these city folks—I’ll make the natives b

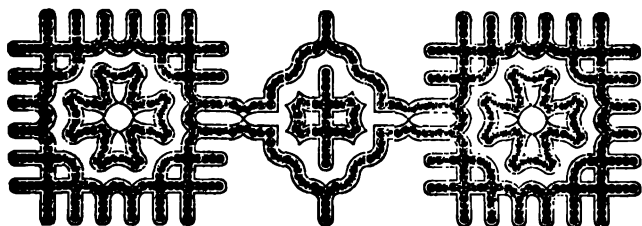
are a little, and Conchita's heart ache with vexation, so. I will go in the morning down to the quay, where I saw a Yankee captain landing his cargo of notions to-day, and I will buy me an elegant volante; then I will go to a stable in the neighbourhood, and purchase a long-sided Connecticut horse, half as big as one of my own Camarioca hills; and I'll buy the blackest Guinea-boy I can find, and rig him out with a smart uniform for my calesero; and I'll spend the rest of the day in driving about the city. But, by the whiskers of King Ferdinand! I'll not alter an article of my dress. I will be a Montero still. These people shall respect the Monteros," continued Pedro, sitting upright on his little bed, and placing his arms akimbo. As for that villain, Gaspar Gomez, he shall not have the honour of falling by my sword. I will *mortify* him to death. I will cut him out of Conchita's good graces, and that, too, in a Montero dress.—Not that I intend to pay her any very particular attention, just at present: I shall merely drive by the house where her aunt resides, a few times during the day, with the volante top thrown back—that will answer my purpose for the present. She will despise Gaspar Gomez and his broadcloth coat forever after. Then I'll drive, or rather I'll order my calesero to drive round the Governor's Square, by Atkins's great house, through the middle street, and down by the garrison and custom-house to the water's edge, so as to make the officers and merchants inquire what great gentleman from the country has come to town. And then, at night——"

Here Pedro suddenly stopped; for it occurred to him

at this moment, that a house and establishment corresponding to his fine volante would be necessary, in order to make his triumph last longer than a day or two at most. But, to tell the truth, jealousy had driven Pedro almost out of his wits. His soliloquy now took another turn. "I think," said he, "it will be best to get some more money before I commence gentleman Montero, and take the title of Senor Don Pedro Sanchez. I will try my luck at roulette once more to-morrow. Who knows but another evening may give me money enough to buy a house, as well as a volante."

With this wise resolution, he lay down and composed himself to sleep.





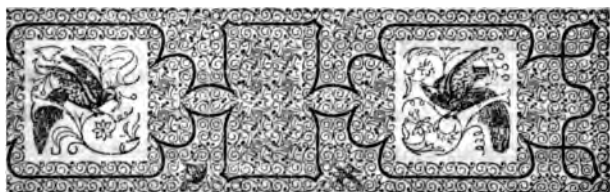
## CHAPTER VI.



THE next evening Pedro took his place at the roulette-table, without even looking in upon the dancers in the ball-room. He was full of pleasant anticipations. He believed himself one of Fortune's favourites, and resolved to afford the goddess sufficient opportunity to befriend him. It was, therefore, with a careless, confident air, and a full expectation of success, that he parted his doubloons one after another, sometimes winning and sometimes losing; and it was not till after a whole week's attendance at the gaming-house, that he found himself stripped of all his late winnings. His horse was speedily disposed of for two-thirds of his real value, and the price staked and lost. Then followed the few dollars which he could raise by selling his sword and his silver spurs. It was not until he had lost the last rial he could muster, that he abandoned the scene of his good and ill fortune, and strolled out of the city, swearing that he would never risk another dollar on a game of chance.

The road he took was the great highway leading to Havana—for he had no thoughts of returning home in his present plight. It may well be supposed that his reflections were none of the most comfortable but he had one of those free-and-easy tempers that furnish an admirable remedy for the misfortunes of life; and although the stubborn fact that he was penniless had convinced him of the folly of his late pursuits, he was not utterly disheartened.





## CHAPTER VII.



**I** HAVE lost all my money," said he to himself, "and my sword and my spurs are gone too; but it was what might have happened to any gentleman, and it is by no means the first thing that might have befallen me. I have good limbs, and liberty still, and fortunately I live in a country where no man is under the necessity of toiling more than an hour in the day to procure the means of subsistence. But mere subsistence won't do. I am determined to be *somebody*; and as I have now placed myself fairly at the bottom of the ladder of worldly promotion, I will lay down a few rules whereby I may rise, peradventure, to the top. In the first place, I won't gamble: secondarily, I'll keep a good heart: next, I'll watch the tide of affairs: finally, I'll bear in mind that, if I don't take care of myself, nobody will take care of me."

So saying, Pedro jogged along on the road, and actually mustered spirits enough to sing a verse or two of the everlasting Llanto.

Presently, he heard the tinkling of bells behind him, and was soon overtaken by a drove of mules, laden with wax, and driven by half a dozen tawny Monteros, equipped in a manner somewhat similar to that in which he himself had first sallied forth in quest of adventures. But these Monteros had travelled far, and were covered with red dust. Pedro fell into a desultory chat with one of them who lingered behind the rest, and who seemed to have the direction of the party.

"Are these mules yours?" said Pedro, after exchanging the ordinary civilities.

"Yes," replied the man.

"You are quite rich," said Pedro. "Here cannot be less than fifty mules, and they are worth, I suppose, a hundred dollars apiece."

The man smiled at our hero's idea of a rich man. "What would you say," said he, "if I should tell you that I had left at home five thousand head of cattle in a snug little pasture of six leagues square?"

Pedro stared at the man, and surveyed his appearance more attentively. His dress was of linen check, like his own, but soiled from head to foot with red dust. His head was covered with an enormous chip-hat, which had once been white, but was now nearly black with dust, perspiration, and segar-smoke; his machete was tied to his side with a ragged silk handkerchief, and all his personal appointments were not worth half a doubloon. There are hundreds of them

herdsmen in Cuba, as wealthy and as slovenly as he. Pedro knew the fact by hearsay, but he could not help staring a little at finding himself cheek by jowl with one of these great proprietors.

"Why, senor," replied he, "if that be the case, I should think you would hardly submit to the drudgery of driving these mules to Havana, when it is so easy to hire men for the purpose."

"O," replied the herdsman, "I like to attend to my business myself. There is little dependence to be put upon agents. I can scarcely trust them here with me on the road. A fellow ran away from me last night, to whom I was fool enough to advance a month's pay, and I am just now looking out for some one to succeed him."

This was good news to Pedro. He had long wished to see Havana, the great city, which every Montero of Cuba firmly believes to be the most magnificent in the world; and, on explaining his wishes to the man, he found no difficulty in striking a bargain to their mutual satisfaction. In a few moments he was mounted on a spare horse belonging to his employer, and cantered away, whistling and bawling at the mules committed to his care, as cheerily as if he had never lost a doubloon in his life.

At night the party stopped at one of the *hedge-hans*, or *tabernas*, as they are called, which abound on the principal roads of the island. The mules were tethered in a neighbouring pasture, and carefully guarded by two of the Monteros, while the rest reposed themselves on their dried beef and a few roasted

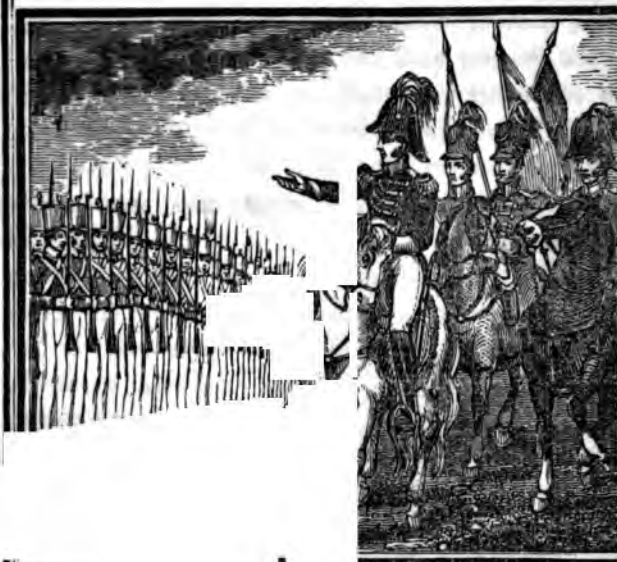


plantains. Pedro, being a new hand, was treated by his employer to a cup of coffee, an omelette, a few glasses of claret, and cigar. When the repast was concluded, each rolled himself in his cloak, and, stretching his weary limbs on a bench, or the floor of the inn, composed himself to rest for the night.

At daybreak they resumed their journey; and on the morning of the third day they passed the gates, and entered the city of Havana. Here his master speedily disposed of his mules and their lading, and, paying our hero a few dollars for his services, left him to push his way among the multitudes of the busy metropolis.







**THE REVIEW IN THE PLAZA DE ARMAS.**



## CHAPTER VIII.



**P**EDRO was now a happy fellow. He had money enough to last him several days, and he had nothing to do but stare about and admire the wonders

this new world. He was amazed at the extent of city, and the multitudes of people whom he met in his rambles from street to street. At one moment he stopped to gaze at the jewels and rich stuffs displayed at the shop-windows; at another he was attracted by the show of wealth and splendour, the glittering chandeliers, gay tapestry, and massy furniture which appeared in the houses of the grandes, as the withdrawing of a curtain gave him a glimpse into their saloons. Now he looked with mute wonder on the massy walls and gray towers of a monastery, and then on the ample courts and well-stored warehouses

of some wealthy merchant. He met a religious procession, with its solemn pageantry of images and burning tapers, its cowed monks and grave dignitaries of the church; and he devoutly crossed himself as the sacred symbols of his religion passed before him.

Shortly after, he encountered a company of soldiers, and could hardly refrain from shouting, "Long live King Ferdinand." The frequent chiming of church-bells, the occasional peal of cannon, and the shrill echoes of the bugle, heard from the fortresses around the harbour, had a stirring effect upon his spirit; and he felt an elation, a patriotic pride in the unimagined grandeur of his country's capital, which made him forget that he himself was a poor, houseless wanderer, a mere drop in the ocean of living beings into which he had so carelessly thrown himself.

He rambled on from street to street, and thought that he could never satisfy his eyes with gazing at the innumerable novelties of the place. His course soon brought him into one of the large squares which are used for the purpose of market-places. There was a fountain playing in the centre, and a few low wooden sheds, running round it, afforded shelter to a part of the dealers, while the remainder of the space was filled up with mules, laden with baskets of fowls, eggs, milk, plantains, bananas, and a hundred other productions of the country, with here and there a negro woman, squatting on the ground behind her array of cakes, oranges, and pine-apples.

Pedro quenched his thirst at the fountain, and, for

half-rial, purchased provisions enough to last him through the day, viz., a couple of roasted plantains, three bananas, and a bit of sugar-cane. He made his breakfast on the bananas, and carefully stowed the remaining articles in his pockets. He then resumed his walk, and soon found himself in the *Plaza de Armas*.

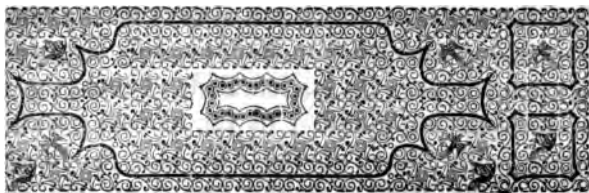
This beautiful square, enclosed by large and elegant buildings, and planted with roses and flowering shrubs, was sufficiently striking to our simple country hero; but at the present moment it was rendered doubly so by a military parade. Three sides of the square were lined with soldiery, drawn up in dense columns to pass their review, before receiving their month's pay. The remaining side of the square, formed by the governor's house, was filled with spectators, while a balcony over their heads showed a gallant display of officers in full uniform, in attendance on the governor. A full band was playing at the moment our hero entered the square; and, leaning against a pillar of the governor's house, he enjoyed the spectacle with no ordinary feelings of patriotic enthusiasm.

The dresses of the soldiers, without a speck of dust; their arms glittering in the sun; the regularity of their discipline, as they went through the manual exercise with such simultaneous movement, as if one motion actuated the whole body; the gallant bearing of the officers, and the stern gravity of the men—these circumstances, together with the exhilarating sounds of the music, formed altogether a sort of magic scene, whose effect on a youth that had passed his

days in the serenity of a country life, a stranger to every thing like pomp and pageantry, may be easily imagined. It awakened a new life within him, and kindled the latent fire of ambition in his hitherto indolent and careless mind. He thought that he had lived in vain, that he had wasted in vanity the early part of his life; and he longed for an opportunity to signalize himself by some grand exploit, or to engage in some great enterprise, which should give him a name and a place among his countrymen, and enable him to play his part with credit in the great theatre of life.

He was too wise, however, to think of becoming a soldier in time of peace; although these high thoughts and purposes had been occasioned by a military pageant. He contented himself for the present, with resolving to embrace the first opportunity of rising to distinction; entertaining a sort of vague expectation, not unusual with young heroes, that FORTUNE had many such opportunities in store for him. So that, although thoroughly reformed from gambling, he still retained a sort of dependence on the smiles of the fickle goddess.





## CHAPTER IX.



LEAVING the Plaza de Armas, Pedro continued his ramble from street to street, until he found himself at the wall of the city on the side opposite to that at which he had entered. Following the wall which ran parallel to it, he at length came to an opening in the wall where there were cannons mounted, but no soldiers near. He ascended without much difficulty, seating himself on one of the cannons, enjoyed the view which spread around him. Immediately before him, and far below, lay the placid waters of the harbor on the side next the city, thronged with ships from every great mart in the world; on the opposite side bounded by an almost perpendicular hill, rising several hundred feet above the water, and crowned with the white walls of those immense batteries called the Castles. These fortifications stretch along for a great distance on the brow of this hill, and are so elevated.



that the sentinels, which are always pacing about, seen from a ship's deck below, look scarcely bigger than Lilliputian troops. On his left Pedro beheld the opening of the harbour, guarded by the frowning walls of the impregnable *Morro* on one side, and the humble fortress of the *Punta* on the other; on his right the harbour stretched far in and opened wide, disclosing the white houses of the Reglas on its farthest shore, and bounded by the continuous ridge of hills which encloses the city and harbour.

As the sun descended below the horizon, Pedro was startled by the roar of a thirty-two pounder, discharged from a ship of war in the harbour, and immediately the bugles sent forth their thrilling echoes from the Cabana, chanting a stately requiem to the departed day.

Pedro rose from his seat, and, casting one more look at the goodly prospect, slowly paced along the wall, till he came to one of the city gates.—Observing that a long train of volantes filled with ladies were passing out, he conjectured that there might be some show without the walls; and accordingly he descended from the wall, passed over the drawbridge, without being challenged by the sentinels, and, following the line of volantes, soon found himself in the *Alameda*, or *Paseo*.

This beautiful promenade is a mile in length. It is planted with trees and decorated with fountains, and affords a fine, level carriage way, separated by rows of trees from the side-walks, and seats designed for the accommodation of foot-passengers. When Pedro en-

tered the Paseo, he found it thronged with carriages of every description, and people of all classes. There were the nobles in their coaches, the gentry in their volantes, and the commons on horseback or on foot, all in holiday-dresses; and a band of music playing lively airs, announced that it was a holiday occasion. Most of the volantes had their tops thrown back to afford the richly-dressed ladies an opportunity to see and be seen; and truly there was such a display of beauty and splendour as caused our Montero to acknowledge to himself that this spectacle far exceeded any thing he had yet beheld.

Having passed through the Paseo, Pedro strolled along through the suburbs, until his attention was attracted by a large, black-looking edifice of a circular form, with very high walls, built of pine boards. Approaching, he observed large handbills pasted against the wall; and on reading one of them, found it to be an advertisement of a splendid *Corrida de Toros*, or bull-fight for the following day.

"This building, then," says Pedro, "can be no other than the famous *Plaza de Toros*, of which I have so often heard; and to-morrow there will be one of those grand exhibitions which I have been all my life desiring to see. I should like of all things to witness it."

"*Senor!*" called out a man at one of the entrances.

Pedro turned round, and, observing the man beckoning to him, he asked him what he wanted.

"*Senor Caballero,*" said the man, with a low bow,

"should you like to attend the *Corrida de Toros* to-morrow?"

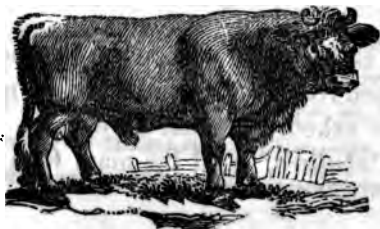
"Perhaps I might," said Pedro; "but why do you inquire?"

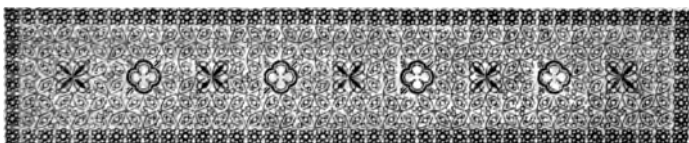
"I am desirous to engage some caballero from the country."

"Meaning a Montero," thought Pedro.

"Some caballero," continued the showman, "who is skilled in the use of the *lasso*, to catch some of the bulls early in the morning, and bring them from a *potrero*, where they are now running loose, to the *corral*, near the Plaza. If you would be kind enough to honour me with your company for the night, assist me in catching the bulls in the morning, and attend the *Corrida* to-morrow as a spectator, you will confer a very particular favour."

It may well be supposed, that our hero found no difficulty in assenting to this proposition, for having been early taught the use of the lasso, it was rather a piece of sport than labour, which was proposed to him as the price of his entertainment. He accordingly accompanied the man to his house, where he found several of the attendants and hangers-on of the establishment; and having eaten a hearty supper with them, he took up his quarters there for the night.





## CHAPTER X.



THE next morning, at an early hour, he was mounted on a horse which his employer assured him had been well trained to the business for which he was intended; and he set off in company with several other horsemen, and, after a ride of a few minutes, arrived at the potrero, or large pasture, where the bulls were.

It was a beautiful plain, with here and there a palm tree, with its crowning tuft of branches; and the animals were observed quietly grazing at some distance from the point where their persecutors entered the enclosure. Pedro was in high spirits, mounted on a fine horse, and, braced with the cool morning air, he felt the keen ardour of a sportsman, about to engage in his favourite amusement. Having selected from his companions another Montero as well mounted

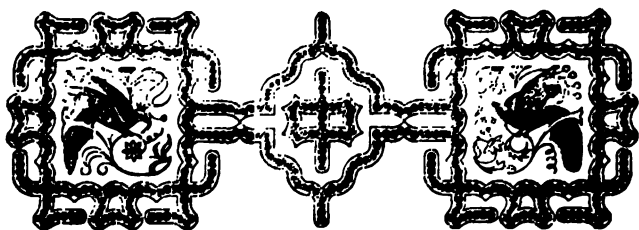
as himself, to be his companion and assistant in the chase, he separated himself from the main group of horsemen, first having received from his employer a couple of lassos, one for himself and another for his companion.

This instrument is a very strong cord, about seven or eight yards in length, made of narrow thongs of untanned hide, plaited firmly together. One end of it is fixed to the hinder part of the saddle, generally on the right side; at the other end is an iron ring, about two inches in diameter.

Pedro was the first to dash into the herd of bulls, swinging the end of his lasso in circles over his head, and keeping his eye on the victim which he had selected from the group, who set off at full speed, tossing his head, erecting his tail, and tearing up the ground with his hoofs. Our hero was not backward in following; and, in a few minutes, the bull, Pedro, and his companion were separated far from the other sportsmen and the herd, and dashing over the plain at full speed. As he neared the bull, Pedro threw the lasso with such an unerring aim, that his victim was instantly secured by both horns. The moment the lasso was thrown, his horse stopped and braced himself, and, leaning to the side opposite the bull, coolly received the shock, which nearly overthrew him, when the enraged animal sprung forward with the lasso attached to his horns. The bull, finding himself thus entangled and checked, turned upon his pursuer with a most ferocious aspect, and, bending his head forward, and springing with all his force, directed a thrust of his horns

towards the horse. But the well-trained animal eluded his attack, and bounded off in another direction, far enough to tighten the lasso again and tumble the bull upon the grass. He was scarcely an instant in recovering himself and making another furious plunge at the horse, with the same result. After repeated tumbles, he at last appeared willing to suffer himself to be led off towards the entrance of the potrero; not, however, until Pedro's companion had thrown another lasso over his horns, and, taking his station on the opposite side, with the bull between, now making a spring at one horse, and now at the other, they managed to half-drag and half-lead him along the plain, while the rest of the company were securing the remainder of the herd in a similar manner. When all were secured, they conducted them without much difficulty to the carral, where they were to await their introduction to the *Plaza de Toros*.





## CHAPTER XI.



**T**HE bulls who were caught at this time, may well be supposed to have been in no very good plight for an exhibition in which "the most respectable public," as the bills have it, *i. e.* the rabble of Havana, require that the bulls shall be fierce and spirited. But the detachment which Pedro had assisted in taking were a sort of *crops du reserve*, only to be brought out in case more should be called for, when all the fresh animals which had been before brought in should have been killed.

After partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, a sort of *dejeuner a la fourchette*, with his patron, Pedro repaired to the *Plaza de Toros*, to witness the exhibition. It was a spacious amphitheatre, with seats *ing* as they receded from the open area in the

centre, capable of containing eight thousand spectators, and Pedro found nearly that number collected in it.

It was a gay and gallant assemblage. Citizens and their families, planters, farmers, merchants, officers of the army and navy, ladies, priests and play-actors, nobles of ancient lineage and upstart gentry of yesterday, all crowded together in the more respectable seats, while the particoloured mixture of black, white and yellow, bond and free, which makes up a West Indian rabble, filled up the space allotted to the canaille. A band of music sent up its spirit-stirring echoes, and a monkey chained to a high post in the centre of the area, and teased by a pestilent set of mulatto boys, drew forth loud peals of laughter, by the bites and pinches with which he continued to revenge himself on his persecutors.

Pedro had scarcely taken his seat, before the entrance was thrown open, and a bull was led in, accompanied by two men on horseback, dressed in short silk jackets and jockey caps, and armed with long lances. One of these taking his station before the bull, and laying his lance in its rest, made a menacing gesture, at which the bull darted forward and attempted to gore the horse; but a well-directed thrust of the lance turned aside the force of the attack, and clapping spurs to his horse, the man rode round the area, while his companion repeated the same feat with the bull. This sport continued for some time, the increasing rage of the bull, and the admirable dexterity of the horsemen in warding off his furious attacks, being



more apparent at every repetition of the contest. The delight manifested by the audience, and the enthusiasm with which they cheered, whenever the bull gave evidence of superior fierceness, and hardly suffered his enemy to escape with his life, were by no means the least curious features of this scene.

When the animal's rage was excited to the highest, the entrance of the area was again opened, and a band of fellows came in on foot, dressed in a style similar to that of the horsemen, and armed with short darts. These were charged with squibs and crackers, which exploded when thrown, so that the poor animal was soon stuck over with fire-works, raging round the area, and making desperate plunges at his relentless enemies.

When he was nearly exhausted by the repeated wounds received from the lances and darts, a horseman rode into the area, with a small red flag in one hand and a sword in the other; and, taking his station in the centre, shook the flag at the bull, who, springing forward, received a thrust of the sword in the spine, which laid him dead in an instant. A number of horsemen gayly dressed, and bearing banners, bells, and streamers of silk, then rode in, and, throwing cords round the animal's horns, drew him out of the area.

Several bulls were thus slaughtered in the course of two hours; and one, on account of the great spirit and fierceness which he exhibited, was spared, his life being demanded by the unanimous consent of the audience. Pedro was somewhat puzzled to con-

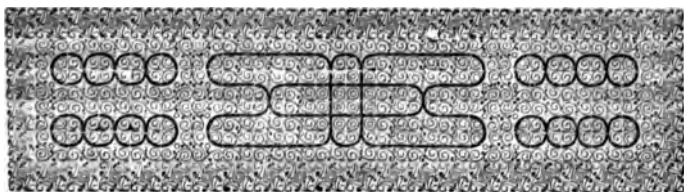
ture how they would contrive to get him out of the area, and had thoughts of volunteering his services with the lasso; for he knew very well that it was out of the question to think of driving him out, when exasperated by persecution. The managers of the show, however, were well prepared for this emergency; for they turned in several tame bulls that had been trained for the purpose, who coursed round the area very peaceably, till the half-exhausted animal joined with them and followed them out.

The bull-fight being closed, a bull-baiting was exhibited, which consisted in merely turning in a parcel of dogs upon the bull; who, after being worried by them, was despatched with the sword as the others had been.

To close the entertainments of the day, a perfectly novel and unheard-of entertainment was given, which was nothing more nor less than baiting an elk, which had been brought for a show from the United States. The animal was led into the area, and eight dogs turned loose upon him. Great interest was excited among the spectators concerning the manner in which his elkship would receive their attacks. He took the thing, however, very coolly, for he stood perfectly still, and raising his nose, which his great height enabled him to place completely beyond the reach of the dogs, he quietly watched their movements. They attacked him with great fury, biting his sides, and springing towards his head, which, they vainly attempted to reach, till, with a well-directed stroke of his

fore foot, he sent one of their number across the area, with half his bones broken. Another was speedily disabled by a kick from behind; and thus, one after the other, he soon put the whole posse *hors de combat*, without receiving any considerable injury.





## CHAPTER XII.



LEAVING the *Plaza de Toros*, Pedro strolled along the road leading towards the most populous part of the suburbs, with the intention of finding some tavern or shop where he might pass the night, as the sun was now drawing towards the western horizon. He had not proceeded far, when he heard some one behind calling him by name. Surprised at the unexpected sound, in a place where he was so completely a stranger, he turned round and saw that it proceeded from a Montero, mounted on a mule, which carried besides its rider an immense load of *malaxo*.

"Aha! my friend Pedro!" bawled the fellow; "how came you so far from your father's own *sitio*,\* among the dear old hills of Camarioca?"

"Santa Maria!" replied Pedro,— "Is it you, Manuel? My old playfellow, with whom I used to ramble

\* A *sitio* is a small farm, usually cultivated by the owner without, but sometimes with a few slaves.

through the woods to besiege the wild bees, and shoot ortalans and partridge, and go a-fishing by the week together. That ever my eyes should see you in this great Babylon of a city!"

The countryman sprung from his mule, and clasping his old friend in his arms, half-smothered him with his embraces, loudly thanking the saints for such a happy meeting. When their first raptures were over, Pedro briefly recounted the occasion of his journey; and learned, in return, that his friend, who had been some years absent from his native district, was now established on a little farm near Havana, where he cultivated maize and fruits, and raised fowls for the city market. He cordially invited Pedro to pay him a visit of a few days at his house, and offered to procure for him some employment by which he might raise the means of returning home, or of pushing his fortune in the district where he himself was reaping the fruits of industry. It may readily be supposed that Pedro was not backward in accepting this kind offer.

"I have had indifferent luck to-day," said Manuel, "in selling my load of malaxo, in the city; but we will jog along together through the suburbs, were I shall be sure to find a market for it, and after that, you shall go and spend the night with me at my little *sitio*."

So saying, he resumed his way, leading his mule along by the halter through the street of the principal suburb, chatting with his friend, and occasionally bawling out at the top of his voice, "*Malaxo!*"

Their progress was soon arrested by an elderly man, who was sitting in the broad entrance of a handsome

house, quietly smoking a cigar; and who, on learning the price, engaged to take the whole of Manuel's malaxo, and directed him to lead his mule into the court and unload it.

While they were making the bargain, Pedro was observing the old gentleman, and was struck with something in his voice and manner which half-convinced him that he had seen him before. He knew that he had an uncle residing in or near Havana, who had no family of his own, and who had become rich by trade; but the same false pride which had prevented him from returning home when he had lost all by gambling at Matanzas, had restrained him from seeking out his uncle and claiming his hospitality when he arrived at Havana. As many years had elapsed since he had seen his uncle, he was not quite certain of what, indeed, was the fact, that the person before him was this near relation. He had, however, a strong suspicion of it, and accordingly reconnoitered the old cavalier and his establishment with no ordinary degree of interest. Every thing about him bespoke wealth and comfort. The house was large and elegant; a splendid volante stood in the entrance, such as he had observed in the best houses in Havana. There were rich curtains to the windows, and the old gentleman himself was dressed in the best style of the country; wore a diamond breast-pin, and rested his hand on a gold-headed cane, as he sat at his own door calmly enjoying the favourite luxuries of his country, an easy arm-chair and a cigar.

When the bargain was concluded, Manuel led his

mule through the entrance where the old man sat, being the only one from the street, directly into the open courtyard within, whither he was followed by Pedro, who was anxious to assist his friend in removing the load. Here Pedro observed that every thing corresponded to the exterior of the house, in neatness and taste. The balconies, which ran completely round the courtyard or *patio*, were supported by massy pillars of stone; and these and the walls were covered with stucco of the purest white: the very well-curb of stone, and the immense stone vase which stood in the corner, were neatly white-washed; and vases of flowers and cages of birds, in the balconies above, showed a degree of taste and refinement which is not very common among people of the class to which Pedro's uncle originally belonged—having been a Montero, like his brother, and excluded from any share in the patrimonial inheritance of a hundred acres of land, by the partiality of his father.

The two friends had just deposited the malaxo, which was received by a couple of negroes, the only domestics they had observed about the courtyard, when they were startled by a feeble cry for help, proceeding from the entry. On running to the spot, they found the outer doors closed and held by a fierce-looking fellow, while another was holding the old gentleman by the throat with one hand, and raising a knife over his head with the other, threatening instant death if he did not hold his peace. A third assassin met them in the entrance, with a machete in his hand, but was instantly felled to the ground by a stroke of

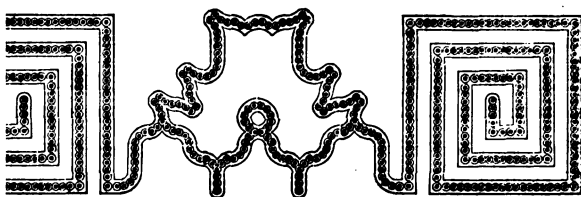
Manuel's cudgel,—a heavy piece of orange tree which he had long used to quicken the pace of his mule. Pedro flew to the assistance of the old man, and, catching up his gold-headed cane which had fallen on the ground, he gave the villain who was holding him a blow in the face, which compelled him to abandon his hold of the old gentleman's throat and direct a blow of his knife at his assailant, by which Pedro received a severe cut in the left arm, in his attempt to ward it off from his breast. At the same moment, he drew his own knife and gave the assassin a wound near the shoulder, which brought him to the ground; while the fellow who had been holding the outer door threw it open, and ran for his life. He was pursued, however, by the two black domestics, who had come rather tardily to the scene of action, and, in consequence of the hue and cry raised by them, was speedily apprehended. The people who flocked into the entry from the street the moment the door was thrown open, assisted in securing the two other assassins, and conducted them to a place of security, while Pedro and Manuel raised the old gentleman, who had fallen on the ground in the scuffle, and carried him to a sofa in the hall; where, with the assistance of a female domestic, who now first made her appearance, they speedily recovered him from the fright and agitation into which he had been thrown, and were happy to find that he had experienced no serious injury from the rough handling of the assassin.

The old man was profuse in his thanks to Pedro and his friend, for the prompt and effectual assistance



which they had rendered him, and insisted on their staying with him through the night. This Pedro consented to do; but Manuel said that his wife would expect him at home; and, promising to return the next day, he departed. This arrangement satisfied the old gentleman, who felt the stronger interest in Pedro, from the circumstance of his having been wounded in his own immediate defence.





### CHAPTER XIII.



**I**T will readily be supposed that the old gentleman, whose name was Don Justo Sanchez, was curious to know who the person was to whom he was

debt; and, accordingly, when he had his wound to be properly attended to, and had a table spread with a comfortable supper placed on the sofa where Pedro was reclining, he seated himself opposite to him, and, joining familiarly in the conversation, began to inquire who he was and where he lived.

"Before I reply to you, my dear sir," said Pedro, "you will tell me how those villains commenced their attack upon you?"

"I was sitting, as you saw me, when you passed in.

"The fellows, the same that you wounded, came upon me with a handful of cigars, which he said were

a specimen of a large lot, which he desired to sell. While I was examining their quality and inquiring the price, the two other scoundrels suddenly entered from the street, and in an instant I found myself throttled, the door closed, and the knife raised over my head, which, but for your valour, my friend, would have terminated my existence in this world.”\*

“But what could be their object?”

“Plunder, plunder, no doubt. It is well known that I live alone, having but four domestics in the house, and two of these, females. They probably intended to fasten the door after murdering me, to silence the negroes by threats or the knife, to plunder the house, and after waiting till a late hour in the night, to make their escape. If they had seen you and your friend go in, they would have waited till you were gone. I thank the blessed Virgin that it was otherwise ordered.”

“Still it was a very bold attempt in so populous a place, and so early in the evening; for it was just twilight, you know, when the affair happened.”

“It was bold, to be sure, and yet you must acknowledge that it was feasible, and but for your timely aid would have been successful. For the villain held me so fast by the throat, that my cries could not be heard from without, and were but just loud enough to reach you. All I wonder at is, that I was not in-

\* That the circumstances of this affair may not seem utterly improbable to those who are ignorant of the state of things in Havana, I would just remark, that an attempt of the same kind was actually made on a gentleman residing in the suburbs, attended, however, with a different result: for the villains robbed him of a large amount, and made their escape.

stantly despatched, which, perhaps, might have proceeded from a design to make me discover first where I kept my money and other valuables."

"Well, I am glad the affair has ended so well."

"So am I, and heartily thankful to you, my excellent young friend, for the active part you took in bringing it to so fortunate a termination. But, come, you have not yet told me your name and family."

"My name is Pedro Sanches."

"Sanches!" exclaimed the old man, springing on his feet, and half-overturning the table; "and what is your father's name?"

"Felipe Sanches," replied Pedro.

"Santa Maria purissima!—my own nephew!—my own brother's son!" and, forgetting Pedro's wound, he caught him in his arms and gave him an embrace more consistent with his own West Indian fervour, than with the present condition of his nephew.

Indeed, the old man's delight and surprise at finding himself indebted to his own relation for his life, was only equalled by the gratitude he had before expressed for so important a service. He besought all the saints to bless the noble boy—called him his own son, and declared he would never part with him.

Pedro was *very contento*, in his own phrase, glad enough to find his conjecture verified concerning his relationship to Don Justo, and to become known to him in a manner not disgraceful to his name. At his uncle's desire, he candidly told him the whole story of his adventures, without disguising or palliating a single circumstance.

"Well," said Don Justo, when he had finished his narrative, "well, I am glad to see you here; glad that you lost your money; glad that you were too proud to go home penniless; and, most of all, am I rejoiced that you came here so opportunely to fight my battles. I will take care of you for the future, my boy. You shall have no occasion to go strolling about the island to seek your fortune. You shall choose your own occupation and way of life. I'll back you with the cash, my lad, and I'll lay a hundred doubloons against a bunch of cigars you will be a credit to the family."

The rest of Pedro's story may be very briefly told; for it is only while a poor fellow is kicked about the world, the foot-ball of fortune, that his life affords any materials for biography. As soon as he begins to succeed in his enterprises, there is an end of all the sport, and the historian gives him up as a bad bargain.

Pedro, after living some time with his uncle, and seeing all the fine sights, and visiting all the grand circles of Havana, declared that he preferred the country to the town. The charm of rural life, and, peradventure, the many charms of Conchita, made him cast many a longing glance, and send many a heartfelt sigh towards his native hills. His uncle would gladly have persuaded him to take a share in his own business, and become a merchant; but he candidly told the old gentleman that he chose to live and die a Montero.

"A little *sitio*," he said, "with a few cattle and some doubloons laid by for a rainy day, was the summit of his wishes, at least for the present. Perhaps, when he was older and more experienced, he might desire





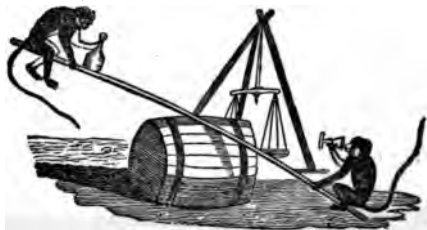
PEDRO'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

an *ingenio*, for the sake of those who might come after him. But there was time enough to think of that hereafter.”

Whether this moderation in his wishes was owing to an unwillingness to tax the kindness of his uncle, or a natural want of enterprise, I do not undertake to determine. But his uncle appeared satisfied at last, and purchased him a beautiful tract of land, near his native place, and actually left the city and went home with him; saw him restored to his father, reconciled to his mistress, and snugly established in his cottage. So far for the present.

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GENTLE READER—How Pedro was married, and had many children; how his *sitio* was converted into an *ingenio*, producing five thousand boxes of sugar a year; how the old Don Justo died, and left him all his wealth; these important facts and transactions, with a particular and minute account of all the weddings, christenings, feasts, and funerals, that took place in consequence thereof, I will most faithfully relate, whenever I shall find that I have nothing else to do, and can't sleep.





JUN 17 1957

